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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Lectures on the Elements of Botany. Part I. with Plates: Containing the Descriptive Anatomy of those Organs on which the Growth and Preservation of the Vegetable depend.* By Anthony Todd Thomson, F.L.S., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 738. Longman & Co.

It has of late years been the fashion among Continental critics to decry the modern literature of this country, as reduced to a state of miserable degeneracy through a mercenary compliance with the over-stimulated and depraved taste of a people eager for amusement and impatient of instruction. In support of this accusation, they refer to the unqualified and fond applause that attends every fortunate excursion into the regions of wit and imagination, compared with the frigid and discouraging approval bestowed on any attempt, however successful, to enlarge the sphere of useful knowledge. They tell us that philosophy has fallen into disrepute with the nation that produced a *Verulam*, a *Newton*, and a *Locke*; that we have ceased to take the lead in the high sciences; that we are losing our ambition for intellectual superiority; and that poetry, romance, satire, or even burlesque parody—the lowest of all the bye-paths of literature—are the only ones ready to popularity among us. If an unreasonable charge deserved a serious answer, we might reply, that it has arisen from a hasty, superficial, and imperfect view of the national character; that in the departments alluded to, the splendid success of one or two eminent writers, to the exclusion of a host of imitators, alone shows the demand for literary luxuries to be very limited; while the existence of a taste for more substantial and salutary fare is evinced by the constantly increasing diffusion of works addressed to the understanding, without even an indirect appeal to the passions, the prejudices, or the humours of the people. In the higher regions of speculative philosophy we can afford to concede the palm of transcendence to the German metaphysicians; but in the cultivation of the exact sciences, and in the application of them to the ordinary purposes of life, we may, without any great temerity, challenge all foreign competition. At the same time, without allowing the fact to be construed into a proof of degeneracy, we are willing to admit that among us, at least, the spirit of the age is less imaginative than formerly; it deals mainly in realities, and seeks to turn all things to profit. The truth is, that in this commercial country—this land of steam-engines and gasometers—this busy, plough-driving, ship-building, shop-keeping country, literature is an object not of primary, but of subordinate concernment, and is valued chiefly for its efficient ministrations to weightier interests. John Bull, with all his vapouring about the glorious times of Elizabeth and Anne—with all his real or affected veneration for Shakespeare and Sir Isaac, has a prepon-

derating share of the dealer and chapman in his composition; and of the few scraps of Latin that the memory of his school-days serves him with, the uppermost in his mind is the eternal question, *Cui bono*? In the education even of the higher and more opulent classes, little stress is laid now-a-days on “the accomplishments” that were once so much prized; the useful is preferred to the ornamental; and in general society, though there be no abatement of taste for those truly liberal studies which constitute the grace and ornament of polished life, yet there is a manifest disposition to try every new accession to the stores of learning by the test of utility. That works which have stood this test obtain an extensive circulation among us, is a fact of which foreigners cannot be fully aware; and it is a very natural error in them to judge our literature solely by those examples, which, from their extraordinary popularity or notoriety, excite the wonder, if not the admiration of surrounding nations.

Among the many excellent productions of recent date, which might be cited to disprove this imputed degeneracy, we are disposed to rank this elementary Treatise, after having bestowed on it the attentive and deliberate perusal which it deserves and demands. It claims that distinction, from the extent and depth of research which it exhibits; from its consequent abundance and variety of valuable materials, and from the perspicuous and lucid order in which they are arranged. The author appears to have acquired his qualifications for this arduous undertaking, not only in a critical examination of the best authors on botanical science, ancient and modern, but in a long course of practical observation, guided by all the lights which the auxiliary sciences, especially those of chemistry and geology, are competent to afford. In analysing with equal candour and discrimination the labours of his predecessors, he has been able to correct many errors and to supply many defects; and in tracing the science to that point of its progress which marks the debateable ground where demonstration ends, and hypothesis begins, he has restricted himself to an impartial collation of conflicting opinions, and to the suggestion of such arguments as may assist the reader in forming his own conclusions. Considering the author's high attainments, and the great ability with which these summaries are given, we might almost be disposed to quarrel with him for leaving open several questions which he might have boldly decided, were it not apparent that this excess of caution proceeds from the laudable desire of avoiding those errors and absurdities into which a passion for theory almost invariably leads.

The Lectures in the present Volume, which constitutes the first portion of the work, treat of the forms and anatomy of those organs which are necessary for the growth and preservation of the vegetable individual. They are arranged in the most simple and natural order, and may be considered as distributed

under three distinct heads—the Root; the Stem and Branches; the Leaves and their Appendages. In the introductory Lecture, a very masterly sketch is given of the rise and progress of Botany, with an exposition of the extensive utility of the science, and directions concerning the method by which it may be most advantageously studied. In that part of the work which relates to the Root, we find, amidst a variety of curious information, some judicious remarks on Soils and Manures, which cannot fail to be highly interesting to the practical agriculturist; and these are followed by a disquisition on the medicinal and dietetic properties of Roots, which will be highly appreciated by those who are disposed to cultivate the science for the sake of its subserviency to the art of healing. The next division, which relates to the Stem, opens upon a wide range of inquiry, comprehending the most minute and the most stupendous objects of vegetative nature—the grass of the field, and the trees of the forest; the fragile stalk that flourishes for a single summer, and the majestic cedar that retains its vigour for a thousand years. In advertent to this part of the Work, we are equally disposed to admire the consummate skill with which the author has treated this diversified and bewildering subject, and the philosophical sagacity which has enabled him to reconcile many apparent anomalies in the operation of general and immutable principles. The same talents are displayed, perhaps even more conspicuously, in developing the system of leaves and their appendages, which forms the subject of the concluding Lectures; and of these it is not too much praise to say, that for clearness of demonstration and force of reasoning, they may challenge a comparison with any treatise on the same subject that modern science has produced.

As we have not space for those large extracts which would alone do justice to the didactic parts of the work, we shall make our selections from others of a different nature, but equally characteristic of its spirit and its style. The following, which occurs in the Lecture on the Vital Functions of Plants, includes some considerations well deserving the attention of those sages who deny that “there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy.”

“Vegetables require different degrees of temperature for the preservation of their vitality. The plant that flourishes under the ardent beams of a tropical sun, would quickly perish if exposed to the keen air of a northern latitude; while the Norwegian Fir, which raises its luxuriant head green amidst the waste of Arctic snows, would sicken, drop its leaves, and stand a lifeless trunk, if removed to the torrid zone. But living vegetables, as well as animals, gradually accommodate themselves to change of climate; although they retain their old habits for some time after their removal, and by slow degrees only are naturalized to new situations. Thus a fruit-tree, for instance, which has been

reared in a hothouse, and afterwards planted in the open air, will, in the following season, expand its buds at the same time that it used to do, and so expose them to inevitable destruction; but after a few seasons, the natural habit of its species will overcome the acquired one of the individual, and the buds will remain shut up till the genial warmth of the returning sun; in spring, swells and expands them into leaves. This power of plants, which naturalizes them to different climates, has enabled human industry and ingenuity to diffuse more generally the productions of every quarter of the globe over its surface; for, had this not been the case, the plants of every climate must have always remained the same as they were at the creation of the world.

"As the vital energy of vegetables is supported by the application of external agents, particularly heat, the abstraction of these in part must necessarily diminish the activity of the vegetable functions. This is the case in winter, during which season, plants, like some animals, remain in a torpid state; and, although they still live, yet the powers of vegetation are at a stand; and even in those that retain their foliage and verdure, no visible increase of their parts takes place. That their preservation during this period depends on an inherent living principle is obvious; for, when the severity of the season is sufficient to overcome its preservative power, no renewal of their active functions takes place at its termination; but, in general, as soon as the animal creation begins to feel the warmth of spring, the buds of trees swell, and protrude their leaves, and the plant rapidly advances in growth; with the increasing warmth of the summer sun the flowers are expanded, and the fruit arrives at perfection; till, as it declines in autumn, the leaves fall, and the state of torpidity is again resumed with the cold of winter.

"Thus I have endeavoured to prove that vegetables, in common with animals, possess vital energy, which distinguishes them from inert matter, and displays itself by its effects. If we wish to extend the inquiry beyond the examination of these effects, and demand what vitality is? we are forced to pause, and acknowledge the inefficiency of human means to unveil those mysteries which the Author of nature chooses to conceal. We know that vitality is attached to organization; but it does not depend on structure: it is not caloric, the cause of heat, although with this agent it has the closest possible connexion: nor is it chemical affinity, for it resists in organized bodies those combinations which affinity produces among their components when vitality ceases. The flights of imagination fail us in forming any conjectures as to its nature; we search in vain for a solution of the question in the schools of Philosophy; reason avails us nothing; and we are forced to contemplate its effects in silent admiration, and to regard it as an impulse of the Divinity, breathed upon the organized part of the creation, astonishing and incomprehensible."

It is pleasing to notice the felicity with which the author occasionally illustrates his demonstrations, by examples so obvious as to be within the scope of every one's observation, and indeed, though curious in themselves, too common to excite curiosity.

"As in tuberiferous plants, the tuber is formed by the plant of the present year, and itself forms that of the succeeding, which again forms a new tuber or tubers, it becomes

a subject of rational inquiry to ascertain the part which the real roots of the plant act, in producing these results. That the plant is sustained to a certain degree by the absorbing powers of the real roots, is obvious; but it has not yet been determined to what extent or at what period it might be deprived of the tuber and be supported solely by the roots. In the early stage of its growth it is altogether nourished by the tuber, the nutriment passing directly from the tuber into the vessels of the stem, and ascending through them to nourish the plant. When the roots begin to absorb from the soil, the fluid matters they take in are probably mingled, in the leaf, with the already formed nutriment brought from the tuber; and it is not unlikely that it is from the proper juice produced by the exposure of this mixture to the air and light in the leaf, that the new tubers are formed. That the new tubers, however, may be formed independent altogether of the nutriment obtained from the tuber bearing the plant, is evident; for, the first tubers of the plant raised from seed are formed altogether from the nutriment obtained from the soil. It should, however, be recollected, that the plant raised from seed differs from that evolved from the gem on a tuber; the former being an entire new being, a renewal of the species, the latter a mere continuation of the individual from which it springs. It may be supposed, that although the new tubers be formed from the nutriment obtained from the soil, yet that the contents of the old tuber are intended chiefly for perfecting the flower and the seed, in the same manner as the saccharine matter deposited in the caudexes of the Turnip and Carrot; but, admitting this supposition, it is not the less true that this nutriment may be diverted to the use of the new tubers; for those on the Potatoe plant are both enlarged and multiplied by nipping off the flowers, to prevent the formation of the seed. From whatever source the nutriment is obtained, the healthy state of the leaf is absolutely requisite to perfect the tuber; for, the partial destruction of these by insects or frost, or the impeding of their functions by disease, as for example, the curling of the leaves of the Potatoe plant, is followed by a decrease both in the quantity and in the size of the new tubers, and also by a deterioration of the nutriment deposited in them."

In a work so strictly scientific as this, digressions of a contemplative nature would have been wholly irrelevant; and accordingly Mr. Thomson seems to have scrupulously avoided them. He is very sparing even of reflections, and rarely hazards one unless it be forced upon him by his subject. In the close of the sixth Lecture, relating to the Stem and Branches, there occurs a passage of that kind, which, though almost merging into the tone of that amiable *jeuneur*, Bernardin St. Pierre, does equal honour to the head and heart of the writer:

"Such are the peculiarities, connected with the exterior of stems, necessary to be noticed in this stage of our inquiries: in closing our examination of them, this question spontaneously presents itself: why is there so great a diversity of form, vestiture, and mode of branching in the vegetable organs? No satisfactory reply can be advanced; and, therefore, we are left to imagine that, as nature appears to delight in variety, the diversified and graceful forms and appearances of plants may be one source of pleasure pre-

pared by Divine Benevolence for mortals. Be this as it may, man has not failed to render them accessories to his comfort, and subservient to his necessities. In the cool shade of the branching arms of the Beech, or under the pillared canopy of the Banyan, he shuns the ardour of the meridian blaze; with the shrubby and spiny Hawthorn, or the prickly Cactus, he encloses his fields; while the plant Osier is woven into baskets to transport their produce to the crowded city: the tall and straight Pine rises a mast, on which he spreads the sail that enables him to transport the riches of distant climes to his native shores; and the incurved ribs of the venerable Oak, launched into the main, float, the protectors of his maritime rights, and the bulwarks of his national independence."

It may be proper to apprise our juvenile readers, those of the fair sex in particular, for whose perusal the present Volume is unexceptionably adapted, that no part of it demands a more diligent perusal than the ninth Lecture, which treats of *Leaves* in their unexpanded state, as contained in the gem; and in their expanded state, as constituting foliage. We must also warn them (for it would be uncandid to suppress the avowal,) that no part will appear on a first view so alarmingly tedious. That they may be encouraged to persevere, they must bear in mind that the object of this and the succeeding Lecture is to enable them to describe plants in proper botanical language, and to understand the descriptions of others—a qualification which will fully repay the labour of acquirement. It imposes perhaps greater difficulties than those which attend the initiatory study of music; but as the author has well observed, "like learning a language of any kind, its utility becomes evident only after its acquisition, and then the stores of knowledge, to which it serves as the key, are opened with a facility which is not less gratifying than their magnitude and richness are astonishing, and their possession delightful." As an additional incentive to perseverance, we may remark, that the descriptions are agreeably illustrated and enlivened by a series of well-executed Engravings, and by the marginal Wood-cuts which are liberally interspersed in this and every other part of the Work.

Our limits here compel us to close these valuable Lectures on the Elements of Botany, which, as they are alike interesting to the proficient and to the novice in the science, must speedily find a place in every library. The extensive course of instruction contained in them becomes doubly interesting, when considered as introductory to the physiological discussions which are to form the subject of the Second Volume, and to the completion of which we look forward in the confident hope that the superstructure will be worthy of the foundation.

MAID MARIAN. By the Author of Headlong Hall. 12mo. pp. 362. London 1822. T. Hookham.

THE announcement of a piece at Covent Garden Theatre, founded upon this Tale, reminds us of the tardy justice we owe it. The name of the author to whom we are indebted for Headlong Hall, Melincourt, Nightmare Abbey, and Rhododaphne, ought, we confess, to have shielded his work from the neglect; but trifles often turn a stream, and some feeling that Robin Hood stories were not en-

tirely new, and the book would therefore keep a little, prevailed with our willing mind to indulge in the felicity of procrastination.

The tale is, nevertheless, characteristic, lively, and interesting,—as these presents "shall fructify."

The Abbot of Rubygill stood at the abbey altar, ready to perform the nuptial ceremony between the lovely Matilda Fitzwater, daughter to the Baron of Arlingford, and Robert Fitz-Ooth, Earl of Locksley and Huntingdon; but the bridegroom came not. Instead of him, a body of armed men intruded on the ceremony, and their leader forbade the marriage in the name of Henry II., at the same time declaring Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, a traitor. The bold Robin and his yeomen, however, resolutely claimed the fair prize, and a battle was inevitable, though the holy abbot raised his voice and said, "My children, if you are going to cut each other's throats, I entreat you, in the name of peace and charity, to do it out of the chapel."

The (now) outlaw having ascertained that the affections of Matilda were entirely his own, consigned her to her father's care, and "with a sign to his followers, made a sudden charge on the soldiers, with the intention of cutting his way through. The soldiers were prepared for such an occurrence, and a desperate skirmish succeeded. Some of the women screamed, but none of them fainted, for fainting was not so much the fashion in those days, when the ladies breakfasted on brawn and ale at sunrise, as in our more refined age of green tea and muffins at noon. Matilda seemed disposed to fly again to her lover, but the baron forced her from the chapel. The earl's bowmen at the door sent in among the assailants a volley of arrows, one of which whizzed past the ear of the abbot, who, in mortal fear of being suddenly translated from a ghostly friar into a friarly ghost, began to roll out of the chapel as fast as his bulk and his holy robes would permit, roaring 'Sacrilege!' with all his monks at his heels, who were, like himself, more intent to go at once than to stand upon the order of their going. The abbot, thus pressed from behind, and stumbling over his own drapery before, fell suddenly prostrate in the doorway that connected the chapel with the abbey, and was instantaneously buried under a pyramid of ghostly carcases, that fell over him and each other, and lay a rolling chaos of animated rotundities, sprawling and bawling in unseemly disarray, and sending forth the names of all the saints in and out of heaven, amidst the clashing of swords, the ringing of bucklers, the clattering of helmets, the twanging of bow-strings, the whizzing of arrows, the screams of women, the shouts of the warriors, and the vociferations of the peasantry, who had been assembled to the intended nuptials, and who, seeing a fair set-to, contrived to pick a quarrel among themselves on the occasion, and proceeded, with staff and cudgel, to crack each other's skulls for the good of the king and the earl. One tall friar alone was untouched by the panic of his brethren, and stood steadfastly watching the combat with his arms a-kembo, the colossal emblem of an unarmed neutrality.

"At length, through the midst of the internal confusion, the earl by the help of his good sword, the staunch valor of his men, and the blessing of the Virgin, fought his way to the chapel-gate: his bowmen closed him in: he vaulted into his saddle, clapped spurs to his horse, rallied his men on the first

eminence, and exchanged his sword for a bow and arrow, with which he did old execution among the pursuers; who at last thought it most expedient to desist from offensive warfare, and to retreat into the abbey, where, in the king's name, they hoached a pipe of the best wine and attached all the venison in the larder, having first carefully unpacked the tuft of friars, and set the fallen abbot on his legs.

"The friars, it may be well supposed, and such of the king's men as escaped unhurt from the affray, found their spirits a cup too low, and kept the flask moving from noon till night." - - -

Next day, the King's Officer, Sir Ralph Montfaucon, and the stout friar, (afterwards so famous as Tuck in Sherwood\*) visit the Baron at Arlingford castle; where

- - - "The lady had retired to her chamber, and the baron had passed a supperless and sleepless night, stalking about his apartments till an advanced hour of the morning, when hunger compelled him to summon into his presence the spoils of the buttery, which, being the intended array of an uneaten wedding-feast, were more than usually abundant, and on which, when the knight and the friar entered, he was falling with desperate valour. He looked up at them fiercely, with his mouth full of beef and his eyes full of flame, and rising, as ceremony required, made an awful bow to the knight, inclining himself forward over the table and presenting his carving-knife *en militaire*, in a manner that seemed to leave it doubtful whether he meant to show respect to his visitor or to defend his provision: but the doubt was soon cleared up by his politely motioning the knight to be seated; on which the friar advanced to the table, saying, 'For what we are going to receive,' and commenced operations without further prelude by filling and drinking a goblet of wine. The baron at the same time offered one to Sir Ralph, with the look of a man in whom habitual hospitality and courtesy were struggling with the ebullitions of natural anger. They pledged each other in silence, and the baron, having completed a copious draught, continued working his lips and his throat, as if trying to swallow his wrath as he had done his wine. Sir Ralph, not knowing well what to make of these ambiguous signs, looked for instructions to the friar, who by significant looks and gestures seemed to advise him to follow his example and partake of the good cheer before him, without speaking till the baron should be more intelligible in his demeanour. The knight and the friar, accordingly, proceeded to reflect them-

selves after their ride; the baron looking first at the one and then at the other, scrutinizing alternately the serious looks of the knight and the merry face of the friar, till at length, having calmed himself sufficiently to speak, he said, 'Courteous knight and ghostly father, I presume you have some other business with me than to eat my beef and drink my canary: and if so, I patiently await your leisure to enter on the topic.'

"Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, 'in obedience to my royal master, King Henry, I have been the unwilling instrument of frustrating the intended nuptials of your fair daughter; yet will you, I trust, owe me no displeasure for my agency herein, seeing that the noble maiden might otherwise by this time have been the bride of an outlaw.'

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said the baron; 'very exceedingly obliged. Your solicitude for my daughter is truly paternal, and for a young man and a stranger very singular and exemplary: and it is very kind of you to come to the relief of my insufficiency and inexperience, and concern yourself so much in that which concerns you not.'

"You misconceive the knight, noble baron," said the friar. 'He urges not his reason in the shape of a preconceived intent, but in that of a subsequent extenuation. True, he has done the lady Matilda great wrong—'

"How great wrong?" said the baron. 'What do you mean by great wrong? Would you have had her married to a wild fly-by-night, that accident made an earl and nature a deer-stealer? that has not wit enough to eat venison without picking a quarrel with monarchy? that flings away his own lands into the clutches of rascally friars, for the sake of hunting in other men's grounds, and feasting vagabonds that wear Lincoln green? and would have flung away mine into the bargain if he had had my daughter? What do you mean by great wrong?'

"True," said the friar: 'great right, I meant.'

"Right!" exclaimed the baron: 'what right has any man to do my daughter right but myself? What right has any man to drive my daughter's bridegroom out of the chapel in the middle of the marriage ceremony, and turn all our merry faces into green wounds and bloody coxcombs, and then come and tell me he has done us great right?'

"True," said the friar: 'he has done neither right nor wrong.'

"But he has," said the baron, 'he has done both, and I will maintain it with my glove.'

"It shall not need," said Sir Ralph; 'I will concede any thing in honour.'

"And I," said the baron, 'will concede nothing in honour; I will concede nothing in honour to any man.' - - -

Matilda consorts with her lover in the forest, while the King proclaims a reward of no less than the castle and lands of Locksley, to the man who should bring in the fugitive Earl; and hereupon Sir Ralph sets out in pursuit, prompted by love for the beautiful damsel and ambition. An autumn and winter has elapsed; when on May-day eve he, accompanied by his Squire, approaches a village fete near Gamewell Hall. This is excellently described; and the humour of the author never flags a moment, either as he paints the festival, or draws the portraits of the Gamewell family. Here Matilda is the Queen of the May, and the Knight is beaten by the foresters (espe-

\* He describes himself elsewhere in the following Song:

Though I be now a grey, grey friar,  
Yet I was once a hale young knight:  
The cry of my dogs was the only choir  
In which my spirit did take delight.  
Little I recked of matin bell,  
But drowned its toll with my clanging horn:  
And the only beads I loved to tell  
Were the beads of dew on the spangled thorn.  
An archer keen I was withal,  
As ever did lean on greenwood tree;  
And could make the fleetest roebuck fall,  
A good three hundred yards from me.  
Though changeable time, with hand severe,  
Has made me now these joys forego,  
Yet my heart bounds whenever I hear  
Yoicks! hark away! and tally ho!

cially by one of them,) in the sports, for her hand as a partner. Sir Ralph discovers his rival in the victor, and

“Approaching young Gamwell, he asked him if he knew the name of that fosterer who was leading the dance with the Queen of the May?”

“Robin, I believe,” said young Gamwell carelessly, “I think they call him Robin.”

“Is that all you know of him?” said Sir Ralph.

“What more should I know of him?” said young Gamwell.

“Then I can tell you,” said Sir Ralph, “he is the outlawed earl of Huntingdon, on whose head is set so large a price.”

“Ay, is he?” said young Gamwell, in the same careless manner.

“He were a prize worth the taking,” said Sir Ralph.

“No doubt,” said young Gamwell.

“How think you?” said Sir Ralph, “are the foresters his adherents?”

“I cannot say,” said young Gamwell.

“Is your peasantry loyal and well-disposed?” said Sir Ralph.

“Passing loyal,” said young Gamwell.

“If I should call on them in the king’s name,” said Sir Ralph, “think you they would aid and assist?”

“Most likely they would,” said young Gamwell, “one side or the other.”

“Ay, but which side?” said the knight.

“That remains to be tried,” said young Gamwell.

“I have King Henry’s commission,” said the knight, “to apprehend this earl that was. How would you advise me to act, being, as you see, without attendant force?”

“I would advise you,” said young Gamwell, “to take yourself off without delay, unless you would relish the taste of a volley of arrows, a shower of stones, and a hailstorm of cudgel-blows, which would not be turned aside by a God save King Henry.”

“Sir Ralph’s squire no sooner heard this, and saw by the looks of the speaker that he was not likely to prove a false prophet, than he clapped spurs to his horse and galloped off with might and main. This gave the knight a good excuse to pursue him, which he did with great celerity, calling, ‘Stop, you rascal!’ When the squire fancied himself safe out of the reach of pursuit, he checked his speed, and allowed the knight to come up with him. They rode on several miles in silence, till they discovered the towers and spires of Nottingham, where the knight introduced himself to the sheriff, and demanded an armed force to assist in the apprehension of the outlawed earl of Huntingdon. The sheriff, who was willing to have his share of the prize, determined to accompany the knight in person, and regaled him and his man with good store of the best: after which, they, with a stout retinue of fifty men, took the way to Gamwell feast.”

They are met and defeated by Robin Hood, Matilda, the friar, and their companions: Sir Ralph wounded, and the Sheriff mauled.

The story now proceeds through many of the adventures of the outlaws, and is told in the amusing style which the foregoing extracts exhibit. Into these details, we will not follow Mr. Peacock; suffice it to say, that Prince John also falls in love with Matilda, and besieges Arlingford castle, where he is defeated; and that when Richard Cœur de Lion returns, he takes a part in one of the forest scenes, and all ends happily.

These forest scenes are charming, with Matilda changed into Maid Marian and contracted to the brave Robin Hood. Of this ceremony, for example, we are told, the friar went through it with great unction, and Little John “was most clerical in the intonation of his responses, after which, the friar sang, and Little John fiddled, and the foresters danced, Robin with Marian, and Scarlet with the baron, and the venison smoked, and the ale frothed, and the wine sparkled, and the sun went down on their unwearied festivity.”

Before we take our leave of this very entertaining little volume (which, by the by, we think exceedingly apt for dramatic representation,) we will add two other of the poems with which it is interspersed, and thus consign it with our hearty applause to readers to whom it is not already so well known as its merits and Voltaire-like wit deserve.

The damsel stood to watch the fight  
By the banks of Kingles Mere,  
And they brought to her feet her own true knight  
Sore-wounded on a bier.

She knelt by him his wounds to bind:  
She washed them with many a tear:  
And shouts rose fast upon the wind,  
Which told that the foe was near.

“Oh! let not,” he said, “while yet I live,  
The cruel foe me take:  
But with thy sweet lips a last kiss give,  
And cast me in the lake.”

Around his neck she wound her arms,  
And she kissed his lips so pale:  
And evermore the war’s alarms  
Came louder up the vale.

She drew him to the lake’s steep side,  
Where the red heath fringed the shore:  
She plunged with him beneath the tide,  
And they were seen no more.

Their true blood mingled in Kingles Mere,  
That to mingle on earth was fain:  
And the trout that swims in that crystal clear  
Is tinged with the crimson stain.

A damsel came, in midnight rain,  
And called across the ferry:  
The weary wight she called in vain,  
Whose senses sleep did bury.

At evening, from her father’s door  
She turned to meet her lover:  
At midnight, on the lonely shore,  
She shouted, “Over, over!”

She had not met him by the tree  
Of their accustomed meeting,  
And sad and sick at heart was she,  
Her heart all wildly beating.

In chill-suspense the hours went by,  
The wild storm burst above her:  
She turned her to the river nigh,  
And shouted, “Over, over!”

A dim, discoloured, doubtful light  
The moon’s dark veil permitted,  
And thick before her troubled sight  
Fantastic shadows flitted.

Her lover’s form appeared to glide,  
And beckon o’er the water:  
Alas! his blood that morn had dyed  
Her brother’s sword with slaughter.

Upon a little rock she stood,  
To make her invocation:  
She marked not that the rain-swoln flood  
Was islanding her station.

The tempest mocked her feeble cry:  
No saint his aid would give her:  
The flood swelled high and yet more high,  
And swept her down the river.

Yet oft beneath the pale moonlight,  
When hollow winds are blowing,  
The shadow of that maiden bright  
Glides by the dark stream’s flowing.  
And when the storms of midnight rave,  
While clouds the broad moon cover,  
The wild gusts waft across the wave  
The cry of, “Over, over!”

*Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land.* By William Rae Wilson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 544. London 1822. Longman & Co.

THE temptation to writing and publishing, after a tour in Palestine, is so strong as hardly to be resisted; and a devotional mind, in particular, excited by the vivid impressions of that country, is apt to forget that these impressions have often been felt and ably described by preceding travellers. What strongly affects ourselves, it is difficult to be persuaded may not have novelty and interest to affect the rest of the world; but we fear that such is the case with regard to details of recent journeys in the Holy Land, to which Mr. Wilson’s narrative will not form an exception. Yet we ought in candour to admit that our ennui, arising out of great familiarity with the subject, may not be general; and that to religious readers this Work may prefer claims which they will be more ready to acknowledge than we are.

These Travels do not seem to call for further preface; nor shall we in submitting our report upon them to the public, exceed the bounds of one Paper. Mr. Wilson appears to have belonged to the Establishment, and to have been much attached to the late Duke of Kent. In October 1818, he left England, almost in the spirit of a pious pilgrim, to visit the scenes so memorable in Sacred History, though nearly a quarter of his book is occupied with accounts of Alexandria, Cairo, and Egyptian antiquities, of which it seems impossible to say one new word, if it be not new to read the author’s statement respecting his visit to the Pyramids, where he tells us—

“I penetrated to the centre of that which Mr. Belzoni has in some degree rendered a monument to his own indefatigable perseverance, by having discovered a passage into the sepulchral chamber, where I had the honour of writing on one side of its walls, ‘God bless our gracious king, George the Third;’ and, on the other, ‘God bless the Duke of Kent, the illustrious advocate of suffering humanity.’

“In this hall or chamber there is a sarcophagus which was opened by this persevering traveller; and although, as I have been informed, some who have visited the spot have pretended to have discovered large human bones, and brought them to England, yet I have the best reason to believe no such remains were found at the time he opened that tomb.”

We know not on what grounds Mr. Wilson ventures on this contradiction of Colonel Fitzclarence, on whose accuracy we have the most perfect reliance.\* Among his other Egyptian inquiries we also find the author investigating the process of Chicken-hatching by means of artificial heat, and giving us the latest warranty of that occult art. He speaks of his return from witnessing “this novum opus,” an expression for which we cannot account, as it seems to us that the

\* In fact we know that this gentleman did bring many bones to England, and has them now.

novum opus is a very ancient practice, and that, besides, the author did not witness it.

Having descended the Nile, he embarked for Joppa, and proceeded thence, by Ramah, to Jerusalem. Upon this city we cannot say that he throws any additional light; though his visits to a hundred sacred places there and in adjacent parts, furnish short notices which may be perused with some degree of attention. At Jerusalem, he says—

"I might observe, that during my residence here, a considerable sensation was excited in consequence of a Turk having presented to another who kept a bazar, a gold coin, demanding small change in return, when the shopkeeper gave him less than the law had fixed as the value of it. Remonstrance being in vain, a representation was made to the governor, who, according to the summary mode in which justice is administered, punished the Turk, by instantly ordering his ear to be nailed to the door of his shop, where he was for some hours exposed to public view, under a state of great torment. Punishment is also severely inflicted on those who use false weights,\* and cut the coin which has been duly weighed.† Money, indeed, appears to have been properly weighed, and its value fixed, during the period of Abraham and Moses."‡

\* "A false weight is an abomination to the Lord."—Prov. xi. 1.

† "So are the ways of every one greedy of gain."—Prov. i. 19.

‡ Genesis xxxiii. 16. Jeremiah xxxii. 9, 10.

These texts of Holy Writ tagged to the quotation will let our readers into the author's peculiarity in this respect. We believe there are about a thousand verses of Scripture thrown into the form of notes at the bottoms of his pages; and many of them in a way which we think worse than useless. For example, when he tells us that he abandoned the Christian garb, and adopted the costume of a Turk, "bound a handkerchief round his head to form a turban, and remained some time at Damietta to allow his beard to grow;" the appendages are—

"Bind it as a crown to me.—Job, xxxi. 36.

"Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown.—2 Samuel, x. 5."

When he lands at Joppa, it is noted—

"And it came to pass that he tarried many days in Joppa, with one Simon a tanner.—Acts ix. 43.

"And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter. He lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the sea-side.—Acts x. 5, 6."

Surely there is no applicability in such recollections to the circumstances of the author: what has Peter or Simon the tanner to do with his lodging at Joppa? The sentences from the Bible are quite gratuitous and unconnected, except by the merest thread of locality, without tending to illustration; and indeed when they are pressed into the latter service, they are still less to the purpose; for, throughout, Mr. Wilson mistakes the existence of Eastern customs, &c. for proofs of Gospel truths, whereas they only show that the Sacred Volume was written where it purports. Thus for instance, in describing Joppa, he says—

"The architecture of the houses is similar to what I formerly had occasion to observe in those of the Egyptian cities. When I first discovered their flat roofs, I was most peculiarly struck with the circumstance of

the inspired writer having recourse to such places, when he resided at Joppa, to offer up prayers.

"To a person who has been accustomed to the form of the roofs of our habitations in Britain, the expression of a person going to the top of a house to exercise acts of devotion, may appear strange, and which has also, I am inclined to think, in many of those individuals who make light of the Gospel history, given rise to ludicrous ideas; but considering the peculiar structure of all the edifices here, it conveys a truth and beauty most strong and appropriate."

It is obvious that Mr. Wilson's reasoning on these points is very shallow; the peculiarly striking thing would have been, if the house-tops had roofs like those in England!

From Jerusalem he travelled to the Dead Sea, by Bethany, crossed the Plain of Jericho, and traversed Samaria and Galilee; visiting Beer, Nazareth, Tiberias, and Acre. Of this interesting route he gives us a good general idea; but we find few particulars which we can extract for the information or amusement of our readers. It may be remembered that the famous Bergami, and others of the Princess of Wales' retinue, were made Knights of the Holy Sepulchre. Mr. W. states—

"When at Jerusalem, I was not so fortunate as to see the ceremony observed in creating a knight of the Holy Sepulchre. I was, however, informed that the institution might be dated about the year 1100, in the view of exciting persons of rank and opulence to visit the sacred places, or rather increase the revenue of the monks. The power of making knights appears to have been vested by a pope in the guardians of the order of St. Francis. The nature of the ceremony, on such occasions, I found to be the following, and it takes place in front of the sepulchre. In the first place, it is commenced by a solemn mass. Secondly, an oath is administered to the candidate to the following purpose, to serve in the Holy Land, when war has commenced against infidels, and oppose the enemies of the church of Christ; to defend the orphan and widow; to refrain from oaths, imprecations, and intoxication; and to lead a life of chastity, and avoid duels. On taking this oath, the knight kneels before the entrance of the sepulchre, when the guardian or head of the order, pronouncing a blessing, lays his hand on the head of the person, exhorting him to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. A pair of spurs are then fixed on his heels, and a sword presented which he is commanded to use in maintaining the rights of the church; after which, leaning his forehead against the sepulchre, the guardian gives him three strokes on the shoulder, and as often repeats these words, "I ordain thee a knight of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." After this the person is saluted; a chain of gold with a cross thrown about his neck; and rising in his new character, he salutes the sepulchre a second time, and returns the insignia to the guardian. The expence attending this creation may be from twenty to thirty pounds, which I heard had been extended to some of the suite of a certain illustrious personage, during a visit to Jerusalem, who were actually Protestants; whereas it is universally understood that none can be admitted members of the order but those of the Roman Catholic persuasion, the defence of whose faith and church, form a fundameptal part of the oath administered,

and by which they oblige themselves to go through the service of mass."

The Governor of Samaria entertained a great abhorrence of Christians, and gave our countryman a very bad reception at Napolose.

"Although (says he) in the Oriental costume, which it was conceived would effect a sufficient disguise on entering Napolose, yet I was at once recognised as a Christian, and received various marks of insult, such as being spit upon, and hooted by several of the inhabitants; and knowing that resistance was vain, I endured this indignity with all possible patience. I rode to the residence of the governor, to deliver the letter I had been favoured with, from the governor of Jerusalem, under a persuasion it might ensure attention, but especially a recommendation to some proper lodging, that I might be under his immediate protection; but I was miserably disappointed in these calculations. The letter was given to one of the soldiers on guard, received with great hauteur; and he went to the governor to present it, when I was permitted to walk about until he found it convenient to return. After being detained nearly an hour, the governor with attendants came out of his house with a quick step, his dress flying loose, and swinging the letter in his hand to and fro, with a countenance expressive of anger, blended with contempt. On this occasion, he addressed my servant, demanding to know who I was, and on being informed a Briton, travelling for pleasure, he looked at me with a frown of the greatest possible disdain, and throwing the letter on the ground, said to him, "Why does the governor of Jerusalem trouble me with letters, when he knows that I hate Christians? Away with you!" On being thus ordered peremptorily to depart, he returned to the house, when the door was instantly shut by his attendants."

The Pacha of Damascus afterwards professed to punish this inhospitable bigot; but we are not sure that his offence was reckoned very heinous.

From Acre, where Mr. Wilson heard much, and saw remains of the barbarity of the ruthless Djeddar Pacha,\* he shaped his course towards Tyre, saw Sidon, passed over Lebanon, and arrived at Damascus. At Mount Carmel, he relates,

"Taking my last walk about the town, an incident occurred, which conveyed warning to be cautious in judging too rashly from appearances. I happened to be going along one of the public streets, when a small pro-

\* Having mentioned to the physician I had a letter to the minister of the present Pacha, who acted in the same capacity to Djeddar, it led him to allude to the state of his countenance from having been included in those acts of barbarity committed. This distinguished public character having, in a single instance, incurred the displeasure of Djeddar, was called before him, and informed, that had he not been a man of talent, and found useful, his head might have been struck off; but, as Djeddar had occasion for his services, he would put nothing more than a mark upon him, viz. by depriving him of his nose. The executioner was accordingly ordered in with his instrument, and commanded to do his duty. Feeling, however, for the situation of the minister, and wishing to execute the orders sparingly, he only cut off the point of his nose; on which, Djeddar, enraged at the executioner's disobedience of a peremptory order, snatched from him a large knife employed in this savage operation, and with this cut off, *brevi manu*, the whole of the executioner's nose!"

cession approached; and as it drew near perceived there was excited particular sensation among the spectators, and solemn effect on their countenances. From this I inferred, that such reverence must be homage due to a personage and his attendants who formed the group. This was a well-dressed elderly gentleman, walking at a slow pace, of grave and venerable aspect; but the four attendants had a different appearance. On enquiry, it turned out that this person happened to be the principal executioner, accompanied by his operative ministers. The impressive and profound respect his appearance produced, I was inclined to think, must have been either owing to his particular rank, superior virtues, or being commanded to attend at the palace of the Pacha, to receive instructions respecting some deed of death, in which he was to be officially called upon to perform a part."

At Tyre, we are informed,  
- - - "Among the variety of trades exercised in this city, that in dying was most distinguished, particularly on account of a discovery made of that beautiful purple tint which poets have celebrated as the chief ingredient in the magnificence of vestments of monarchs and their judges, and supposed to have been extracted from a particular fish. I could not, however, distinctly learn if such kind of fish was at present to be found on the Tyrian shores; although it is said to exist in some parts of South America; and instances have occurred of similar species having been found on our own shores during the sixteenth century, and, as I understand, on the coast of Somersetshire."

At Sidon, near which Lady Hester Stanhope has taken up her residence, the author saw her stud, one of the finest in Arabia; and six of the best horses are thus pedigreed:

"*Abu El Haster*—Slave of thy Will—the black horse.

"*Almas Diamond*—the young horse; three years old next June.

"*Aground*—The Bird—the white mare; race of the famous *Duher El Omer*, of whose name Volney speaks.

"*Zera*—of the race of Mahomet's fine mare.

"*Leila*—Juliet of the East—the young mare; three years old next October.

"*Bint as four*—Daughter of the Bird—one year and six weeks old."

These gleanings are all we can pick out for such a Review as we have proposed to ourselves; though an excursion from Damascus to Baalbeck is perhaps (except some curious remarks on the Dead Sea) the most original part of the author's incubations. The magnificent ruins of Heliopolis, or the City of Baal, inspire his pen with a corresponding enthusiasm to which his literary effort fails to do justice. Indeed his style is altogether indifferent; and it would have been well that the superintendence of the printing had been committed to greater experience in the way of composition. What, for instance, can be worse, or more negligent, than the account of the ruined Temple in this very passage?—We cite two sentences:

"Nothing appears more astonishing than the stones composing the wall which surround these, the dimensions whereof will hardly receive credence. Supposing now that three of these stones are placed end to end, they will be found to extend to about 190 feet, two of which are upwards of sixty feet in length, and the other about three feet more; and what is more extraordinary, they are raised

from twenty to thirty feet above the foundation."

Such a sample of bad English renders further censure unnecessary. From Baalbeck the author went to Bayreuth to embark for Cyprus; and he repeats the reports which reached him concerning the Druses who inhabit the country about the former, such as their worshipping a gilded calf, and believing that the souls of the good and evil pass respectively into the bodies of well-fed and starved horses. From Cyprus he visited parts of Greece and Constantinople; and returned home by the long circuit of Sicily, Spain, and France, which are however dismissed in a few pages.

Several Prints, including a whole-length Frontispiece of the Author in his Turkish dress, from a drawing by Lady Bell, adorn this Work in a not inappropriate manner. Mr. Wilson has performed a tour, from which a publication of a much higher character might have been produced.

† The Lady of Sir Thomas Bell, whose cultivation of the Art of Painting has recently been encouraged by one of those proofs of Royal favour, which at once evince the gracious condescension of the Monarch and his patronage of the Fine Arts in every possible way. This Lady, we are assured, has not only had admission to copy the finest pictures at Carlton House, but has been cheered by the personal approbation of His Majesty to exercise her amateur talents to their utmost. We have also heard a very favourable account of her studies there, as well as of other performances.

#### WERNER, A TRAGEDY. BY LORD BYRON.

PUBLISHED at a later hour than the *Literary Gazette*, this morning, and of course not yet amenable to criticism! Having dissected it for ourselves, however, we are happy to say that it is free from the noble author's vices: of its poetical and dramatic qualities, the following are specimens. We have only further to premise, that the plot is identically the same with what No. 292. of the *Literary Gazette* contained as an anticipatory jeu d'esprit, founded on Miss Lee's story of Kreutzner, in the *Canterbury Tales*; to which Lord B. has added one female character, *Ida*, the daughter of the murdered Count Stralenheim, and affianced as an offering of remorse by Werner to his son. There is also an Abbot in one scene. The play is dedicated to the illustrious Goëthe, and we are informed that it was begun in 1815, being the first drama Lord B. ever attempted, except one entitled "*Ulric and Ilvina*," which his Lordship wrote at the age of thirteen, "and had sense enough to burn."

Our extracts are first, detached sentences, which have the force of apophthegms, or display striking images; second, comic touches; third, miscellaneous passages, remarkable for some peculiar feature; and fourth, dialogue where most prominent.—This is all the arrangement time allows us to make.

To the first class belong

*Josephine.* My love, be calmer!

*Werner.*

I am calm.

*Josephine.*

To me—

Yes, but not to thyself: thy pace is hurried,  
And no one walks a chamber like to ours  
With steps like thine when his heart is at rest.  
Were it a garden, I should deem thee happy,  
And stepping with the bee from flower to flower;  
But here?

*Werner.*

Who would read in this form

The high soul of the son of a long line?

Who, in this garb, the heir of princely lands?  
Who, in this sunken, sickly eye, the pride  
Of rank and ancestry? in this worn cheek  
And famine-hollow'd brow, the lord of halls,  
Which daily feast a thousand vasaals?

*Werner.*

My name is Werner.

*Idenstein.* A goodly name, a very worthy name  
As'er was gilt upon a trader's board:  
I have a cousin in the lazaretto  
Of Hamburg, who has got a wife who bore  
The same. He is an officer of trust,  
Surgeon's assistant (hoping to be surgeon,)  
And has done miracles 't' the way of business.  
Perhaps you are related to my relative?

*Ulric.* He is the poorest of the poor—and  
Sickness sits cavern'd in his hollow eye: [yellow  
The man is helpless.

*Werner.*

- - - I thought to escape  
By means of this accursed gold, but now  
I dare not use it, show it, scarce look on it.  
Methinks it wears upon its face my guilt  
For motto, not the mintage of the state;  
And, for the sovereign's head, my own begirt  
With hissing snakes, which curl around my tem—  
And cry to all beholders—lo! a villain! [ples,

*Siegendorf* (solus.) [on his Son.] Too much!—  
Too much of duty and too little love!

He pays me in the coin he owes me not:  
For such hath been my wayward fate, I could  
Fulfil a parent's duties by his side [not  
Till now; but love he owes me, for my thoughts  
Ne'er left him, nor my eyes long'd without tears  
To see my child again, and now I have found him!  
But how! obedient, but with coldness; duteous  
In my sight, but with carelessness; mysterious,  
Abstracted—distant—much given to long absence,  
And where—none know

*Ida.* [a fete] Never have I dreamt  
Of aught so beautiful. The flowers, the boughs,  
The banners, and the nobles, and the knights,  
The gems, the robes, the plumes, the happy faces,  
The coursers, and the incense, and the sun [tomb,  
Streaming through the stain'd windows, even the  
Which look'd so calm, and the celestial hymns,  
Which seem'd as if they rather came from heaven  
Than mounted there. The bursting organ's peal  
Rolling on high like an harmonious thunder;  
The white robes, and the lifted eyes; the World  
At peace! and all at peace with one another!

Of the second class, we give the annexed:  
*Idenstein.* The river has o'erflow'd.

*Josephine.*

Alas! we have known  
That to our sorrow, for these five days; since  
It keeps us here.

*Idenstein.*

But what you don't know is,  
That a great personage, who fain would cross  
Against the stream and three postillions' wishes,  
Is drown'd below the ford, with five post-horses,  
A monkey, and a mastiff, and a valet.

*Josephine.* Poor creatures! are you sure?

*Idenstein.*

Yes, of the monkey,  
And the valet, and the cattle; but as yet  
We know not if his excellency's dead  
Or no; your noblemen are hard to drown,  
As it is fit that men in office should be;  
But, what is certain is, that he has swallow'd  
Enough of the Oder to have burst two peasants;  
And now a Saxon and Hungarian traveller,  
Who, at their proper peril, snatch'd him from  
The whirling river, have sent on to crave  
A lodging, or a grave, according as  
It may turn out with the live or dead body.

Idenstein. 'Tis here! the supernaculum! twenty years

Of age, if 'tis a day.

Gabor. Which epoch makes Young women and old wise, and 'tis great pity Of two such excellent things, increase of years, Which still improves the one, should spoil the other.

First Peasant. But if I'm drown'd?

Idenstein. Why, you will be well paid for't, And have risk'd more than drowning for as much, I doubt not.

Second Peasant. But our wives and families?

Idenstein. Cannot be worse off than they are, and may Be better.

Third Peasant. I have neither, and will venture.

Idenstein. That's right. A gallant carle, and fit A soldier. I'll promote you to the ranks [to be In the prince's body guard—if you succeed; And you shall have besides in sparkling coin Two thalers.

Third Peasant. No more!

Idenstein. Out upon your avarice! Can that low vice alloy so much ambition? I tell thee, fellow, that two thalers in Small change will subdivide into a treasure. Do not five hundred thousand heroes daily Risk lives and souls for the tithe of one thaler? When had you half the sum?

Third Peasant. Never—but ne'er The less I must have three.

Idenstein. - - He must have vanish'd then Through the dim Gothic glass by pious aid Of pictured saints, upon the red and yellow Casements, through which the sunset streams like sunrise

On long pearl-colour'd beads and crimson crosses, And gilded crossiers, and cross'd arms, and cowls, And helmets, and twisted armour, and long swords, All the fantastic furniture of windows, Dim with brave knights and holy hermits, whose Likeness and fame alike rest on some panes Of crystal, which each rattling wind proclaims As frail as any other life or glory.

In the third class of our arrangement occurs a Soliloquy inspired by the author's local feelings.

Josephine (coming forward.)

I fain would shun these scenes, too oft repeated, Of feudal tyranny o'er petty victims; I cannot aid, and will not witness such. Even here, in this remote, unann'd, dull spot, The dimmest in the district's map, exist The insolence of wealth in poverty O'er something poorer still—the pride of rank In servitude, o'er something still more servile; And vice in misery affecting still A tatter'd splendour. What a state of being! In Tuscany, my own dear sunny land, Our nobles were but citizens and merchants, Like Cosmo. We had evils, but not such As these; and our all-ripe and gushing valleys Made poverty more cheerful, where each herb Was in itself a meal, and every vine Rain'd, as it were, the beverage, which makes glad The heart of man; and the ne'er unfeet sun (But rarely clouded, and when clouded, leaving His warmth behind in memory of his beams,) Makes the worn mantle, and the thin robe, less Oppressive than an emperor's jewell'd purple. But, here! the despots of the north appear To imitate the ice-wind of their clime, Searching the shivering vassal through his rags, To wring his soul—as the bleak elements His form. And 'tis to be amongst these sovereigns My husband pants! and such his pride of birth— That twenty years of usage, such as no

Father, born in a humble state, could nerve His soul to persecute a son withal, Hath changed no atom of his early nature; But I, born nobly also, from my father's Kindness was taught a different lesson. - - -

Werner. It is a damned world, sir.

Gabor. So is the nearest of the two next, as The priests say (and no doubt they should know Therefore I'll stick by this—as being loth [best,] To suffer martyrdom, at least with such An epitaph as larceny upon my tomb.

Ulric. Your great men Must be answer'd on the instant, as the bound Of the stung steed replies unto the spur: [not, 'Tis well they have horses, too; for if they had I fear that men must draw their chariots, as They say kings did Sesostris.

Idenstein. [when tempted by the bribe of a jewel.]

Oh, thou sweet sparkler! Thou more than stone of the philosopher! Thou touchstone of Philosophy herself! Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou lode-star of The soul! the true magnetic Pole to which All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles! Thou flaming Spirit of the Earth! which sitting High on the monarch's diadem, attractest More worship than the Majesty who sweats [like Beneath the crown which makes his head ache, Millions of hearts which bleed to lend it lustre! Shalt thou be mine? I am, methinks, already A little king, a lucky alchymist!— A wise magician, who has bound the devil Without the forfeit of his soul. - - -

In our last classification we place the following:

Ulric. You are early, my sweet cousin!

Ida. Not too early,

Dear Ulric, if I do not interrupt you.

Why do you call me "Cousin?"

Ulric (smiling.) Are we not so?

Ida. Yes, but I do not like the name; methinks

It sounds so cold, as if you thought upon

Our pedigree, and only weigh'd our blood.

Ulric (starting.) Blood!

Ida. Why does yours start from your cheeks?

Ulric. Ay! doth it?

Ida. It doth—but no! it rushes like a torrent

Even to your brow again.

Ulric (recovering himself.) And if it fled,

It only was because your presence sent it

Back to my heart, which beats for you, sweet

Ida. "Cousin" again, [cousin!

Ulric. Nay, then I'll call you sister.

Ida. I like that name still worse—would we had

Been sight of kindred! Would we never had!

Ida. Oh heaven! and can you wish that?

Ulric. Dearest Ida!

Did I not echo your own wish?

Ida. Yes, Ulric,

But then I wish'd it not with such a glance,

And scarce knew what I said; but let me be

Sister, or cousin, what you will, so that

I still to you am something.

Ulric. You shall be

All—all—

Ida. And you to me are so already;

But I can wait.

Ulric. Dear Ida!

Ida. Call me Ida,

Your Ida, for I would be yours, none else's—

Indeed I have none else left, since my poor

father— [She pauses.

Ulric. You have mine—you have me.

Ida. Dear Ulric, how I wish

My father could but view our happiness, Which wants but this!

Ulric. Indeed!

Ida. You would have lov'd him,

He you; for the brave ever love each other:

His manner was a little cold, his spirit

Proud (as is birth's prerogative) but under

This grave exterior—would you had known

each other!

Had such as you been near him on his journey,

He had not died without a friend to soothe

His last and lonely moments.

Ulric. Who says that?

Ida. What?

Ulric. That he died alone.

Ida. The general rumour,

And disappearance of his servants, who

Have ne'er return'd: that fever was most deadly

Which swept them all away.

Ulric. If they were near him,

He could not die neglected or alone.

Ida. Alas! what is a menial to a death-bed,

When the dim eye rolls vainly round for what

It loves?—they say he died of a fever.

Ulric. Say!

It was so.

Ida. I sometimes dream otherwise.

Ulric. All dreams are false.

Ida. And yet I see him as

I see you.

Ulric. Where?

Ida. In sleep—I see him lie

Pale, bleeding, and a man with a raised knife

Beside him.

Ulric. But you do not see his face? [you?

Ida (looking at him.) No! Oh, my God! do

Ulric. Why do you ask?

Ida. Because you look as if you saw a murderer!

Ulric (agitatedly.)

Ida, this is mere childishness; your weakness

Infects me, to my shame; but as all feelings

Of yours are common to me; it affects me.

- - -

Siegendorf. Men speak lightly of him.

Ulric. So they will do of most men. Even the

Monarch

Is not fenced from his chamberlain's slander, or

The sneer of the late courtier whom he has made

Great and ungrateful.

- - -

Ida. [Woman's love] I'll not hear

A word against a world which still contains

You and my Ulric. Did you ever see [all!

Aught like him? How he tower'd amongst them

How all eyes follow'd him! The flowers fell

faster—

Rain'd from each lattice at his feet, methought,

Than before all the rest, and where he trod

I dare be sworn that they grow still, nor e'er

Wilt wither.

Josephine. You will spoil him; little flatterer,

If he should hear you.

Ida. But he never will.

I dare not say so much to him—I fear him.

Josephine. Why so? he loves you well.

Ida. But I can never

Shape my thoughts of him into words to him.

Besides, he sometimes frightens me.

Josephine. How so?

Ida. A cloud comes o'er his blue eyes suddenly,

Yet he says nothing.

Josephine. It is nothing: all men,

Especially in these dark troublous times,

Have much to think of.

Ida. But I cannot think

Of aught save him.

Josephine. Yet there are other men

In the world's eye, as goodly. There's, for instance,

The young Count Waldorf, who scarce once with-  
His eyes from yours to day. [drew

Ida. I did not see him,  
But Ulric. Did you not see at the moment  
When all kneel, and I wept? and yet methought  
Through my fast tears, though they were thick  
I saw him smiling on me. [and warm,

Josephine. I could not  
See aught save Heaven, to which my eyes were  
Together with the People's. [raised

Ida. I thought too  
Of Heaven, although I look'd on Ulric.

The denouement, after the Hungarian  
accuses Ulric of the murder—

Siegendorf. Now Count Ulric!  
For son I dare not call thee—What say'st thou?

Ulric. His tale is true.

Siegendorf. True, monster!  
Ulric. Most true, father;

And you did well to listen to it: what  
We know, we can provide against. He must  
Be silenced.

Siegendorf. Ay, with half of my domains;  
And with the other half, could he and thou  
Unsay this villany.

Ulric. It is no time  
For trifling or dissembling. I have said  
His story's true; and he too must be silenced.

Siegendorf. How so?

Ulric. As Stralenheim is. Are you so dull  
As never to have hit on this before?  
When we met in the garden, what except  
Discovery in the act could make me know  
His death? Or had the prince's household been  
Then summon'd, would the cry for the police  
Been left to such a stranger? Or should I  
Have loiter'd on the way? Or could you, Werner,  
The object of the Baron's hate and fears,  
Have fled—unless by many an hour before  
Suspicion woke? I sought and fathom'd you—  
Doubting if you were false or feeble; I  
Perceived you were the latter; and yet so  
Considering have I found you, that I doubted  
At times your weakness.

Siegendorf. Parricide! no less  
Than common stabber! What deed of my life,  
Or thought of mine, could make you deem me fit  
For your accomplice?

Ulric. Father, do not raise  
The devil you cannot lay, between us. This  
Is time for union and for action, not  
For family disputes. While you were tortured  
Could I be calm? Think you that I have heard  
This fellow's tale without some feeling? you  
Have taught me feeling for you and myself;  
For whom or what else did you ever teach it?

Siegendorf. Oh! my dead father's curse! 'tis working now.

Ulric. Let it work on! the grave will keep it down!  
Ashes are feeble foes: it is more easy  
To baffle such, than countermining a mole,  
Which winds its blind but living path beneath you.  
Yet hear me still!—If you condemn me, yet  
Remember who hath taught me once too often  
To listen to him! Who proclaim'd to me  
That there were crimes made venial by the occasion?  
That passion was our nature? that the goods  
Of heaven waited on the goods of fortune?  
Who show'd me his humanity secured  
By his nerves only? Who deprived me of  
All power to vindicate myself and race  
In open day? By his disgrace which stamp'd  
(It might be) bastardy on me, and on  
Himself—a felon's brand! The man who is  
At once both warm and weak, invites to deeds  
He longs to do, but dare not. Is it strange [done  
That I should act what you could think? We have

With right and wrong; and now must only ponder  
Upon effects, not causes. Stralenheim,  
Whose life I saved from impulse, as, unknown,  
I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I slew  
Known as our foe—but not from vengeance. He  
Was a rock in our way which I cut through,  
As doth the bolt, because it stood between us  
And our true destination—but not idly.  
As stranger I preserved him, and he owed me  
His life; when due, I but resumed the debt.  
He, you, and I stood o'er a gulf wherein  
I have plunged our enemy. You kindled first  
The torch—you show'd the path; now trace me  
that

Of safety—or let me!

Siegendorf. I have done with life!  
Ulric.

Let us have done with that which cankers life—  
Familiar feuds and vain recriminations  
Of things which cannot be undone. We have  
No more to learn or hide: I know no fear,  
And have within these very walls men whom  
(Although you know them not) dare venture all  
things.

You stand high with the state; what passes here  
Will not excite her too great curiosity:  
Keep your own secret, keep a steady eye,  
Stir not, and speak not;—leave the rest to me:  
We must have no third babblers thrust between us.  
[Exit ULRIC.

Siegendorf (solus.)  
Am I awake? are these my father's halls?  
And you—my son? My son! mine! who have ever  
Abhor'd both mystery and blood, and yet  
Am plunged into the deepest hell of both!  
I must be speedy, or more will be shed—  
The Hungarian's!—Ulric—he hath partisans,  
It seems: I might have guess'd as much. Oh fool!  
Wolves prowl in company. He hath the key  
(As I too) of the opposite door which leads  
Into the turret. Now then! or once more  
To be the father of fresh crimes—no less  
Than of the criminal! Ho! Gabor! Gabor!  
[Exit into the turret, closing the door after him.

To the Father and Son, enter Josephine and Ida.  
Josephine. What is't we hear? My Siegendorf!  
Thank Heav'n, I see you safe!

Siegendorf. Safe!  
Ida. Yes, dear father!

Siegendorf. No, no; I have no children: never  
Call me by that worst name of parent. [more

Josephine. What  
Means my good lord?

Siegendorf. That you have given birth  
To a demon!

Ida (taking Ulric's hand.)  
Who shall dare say this of Ulric?

Siegendorf. Ida, beware! there's blood upon that  
Ida (stooping to kiss it.) [hand.

I'd kiss it off, though it were mine!

Siegendorf. It is so!  
Ulric. Away! It is your father's! [Exit Ulric.

Ida. Oh, great God!  
And I have loved this man!

Ida falls senseless—Josephine stands speechless  
with horror.

Siegendorf. The wretch hath slain  
Them both!—My Josephine! we are now alone!  
Would we had ever been so!—All is over  
For me!—Now open wide, my sire, thy grave;  
Thy curse hath dug it deeper for thy son  
In mine!—The race of Siegendorf is past!

#### LORD FOUNTAINHALL'S DIARY.

As new works press more upon us, we confine  
our further notice of Lord Fountainhall's  
Diary to the following more private, and, we

may add, more pleasing as well as curious  
extracts than those in our first paper.

"There being a band given in to Macken-  
zie's Chamber, to one Douglas to registrar;  
and he having given up the principal to one  
Weddel, the granter, and given the pursuer  
an extract, they were both pilloried, and had  
their lugs nailed to Troms, 27th March, 1688;  
and Weddel wardet till he pay the debt." - -

"The Chancellor, Theassaurer, and Ross,  
Archbishop of St. Andrews come from Lon-  
don to Edinburgh, 8th April, 1688, having  
been only eight dayes by the way; and the  
Councill ordered the shires wherthrow the  
Chancellor was to pass, to attend him." - - -

"The late King's statue on horseback was  
set up in the Parliament-Closs, 16th April,  
1688. It stood the Town of Edinburgh more  
than 1000 lb. Sterling." - - -

"The fire-cross, by order of Councill, is  
sent through the west of Fife and Kintross,  
as nearest Stirling, that all betwixt sixty and  
sixteen, might rise and oppose Argyle, 9th  
June." - -

"George Drummond, Provost of Edinburgh,  
breaks and goes to the Abbey; he was the  
first provost that brok: during his office,  
there was complaints against him for meddling  
with the Town's Common Good." - - -

"Anderson's Pills.—Thomas Weir got a  
signator for selling thereof, and ane Thomas  
Steel gives in a bill against him, as having  
the only secret thereof; but Weir having  
given Melfort talents, is preferred. 21st  
July, 1697." - - -

"A montebank having got licence from the  
Privy Councill, and of Mr. Fountain, Master  
of the Revells, and of the Magistrats of Edin-  
burgh, to erect a stage, he built it in Black-  
fryer-wind. The Custome-Office being there,  
compleaned of it to the Magistrats, where-  
upon the Magistrats took it down; where-  
upon he cited them to the Councill, who  
alludge he should have first been examined  
by the Colledge of Physicians; yet they  
offered him the Grass-mercate, from pre-  
venting servants and prentices withdrawing  
from their service; but he being Popish, the  
Chancellor caused the Magistrats to put his  
stage in the Landmercate. He craved also  
damages. 14th July 1688." - - -

"Here is a remarkable instance (perhaps  
the latest) of the fire-cross having been sent  
round by command of Government. In his Ac-  
count of Somerset's Expedition, Paten thus de-  
scribes it. 'And thys is a croose (as I have hard  
sum say) of il brandes endes, caried a croose  
vpon a spears point, with proclamation of the  
time and place when and whither they shall cum,  
and with how much provision of vittall. Sum  
other say, it is a crose, painted all red, and set  
for certain dayes in the feldes of that baronrie,  
whereof they will have they people too cum:  
whearby, all betwene sixty and sixteen are pe-  
remptorily summonned: that if they cum not wyth  
their vittayll according at the tyme and place then  
appointed, all the land thear is forfeited straight  
to the Kynges use, and the tariers taken for  
traitours and rebels.' Vide Patten's Account of  
the Expedition into Scotland of the Most Wor-  
thy Fortunate Prince Edward, Duke of Som-  
erset, preface, p. xii." - -

+ In the printed Decisions of Lord Fountain-  
hall, occurs the following sly entry concerning  
this fellow:

"Reid, the montebank, pursues Scott of  
Harden and his Lady, for stealing away from  
him a little girl, called the Tumbling-lasse, that  
danced upon his stage; and he claimed damages,  
and produced a contract, whereby he bought her  
from her mother for L. 30 Scots. But we have  
no slaves in Scotland, and mothers cannot sell

This was on the very eve of that revolution which extinguished the superiority of the Romish faith. It also made a hiatus in Lord Fountainhall's Diary, till the year 1695; and when it is resumed, we find the entries, principally relating to law-suits, of too little interest for our pages. What we have transferred to them will afford a correct notion of the work under notice, and, we trust, gratify, by their variety, the tastes of the public.

## MEMOIRS OF ALI PACHA.

Preparations for war between Ali and the Porte ultimately came to a crisis, and the hour of conflict soon arrived, without its being easy to predicate to which the scale of victory would incline; Ali

... "Determined at length openly to raise the standard of revolt. He gave the Greeks to understand that he was upon the point of embracing Christianity, and to the needy Turks he promised a share in the confiscation of the property belonging to the Agas; then, convoking what he called a Grand Divan to assemble about the beginning of May at the Castle of the Lake, he summoned the attendance of the principal Turkish and Christian chiefs, whose astonishment at thus meeting together was extreme. He opened the Divan by a speech, in which he strove to justify his government and conduct, boasted of the protection which he had granted the Greeks, and declared that he wished to assemble them all under his banners, that they might exterminate the Turks, their common enemies. Having then ordered a cask full of sequins to be emptied in the midst of the assembly, 'This,' said he, 'is a part of that gold which I have so carefully preserved, the spoils of the Turks, your enemies—it is yours.' Cries of 'Long live Ali Pacha! Long live the restorer of our liberties' were immediately raised by the needy adventurers who surrounded him."

We will not detail the first movements of the war. Ali's leaders and armies treacherously deserted him, and he was left with about 8000 men to defend himself in his island fastnesses—

... "Ali had for a long time conceived the idea of defending himself in his fortresses, and of destroying Janina, which offered too many facilities for hostile approach. This determination he no longer concealed, as soon as he saw himself deserted by his army: a resolution which was strengthened and confirmed by the devotion of his adherents, who now rallied round him to the number of eight thousand at most.

their bairns; and physicians attested the employment of tumbling would kill her; and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return, though she was at least a prentice, and so could not run away from her master. Yet some cited Moses's law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee against his master's cruelty, thou shalt not deliver him up. The Lords *renitente Canaliculario* assailed Harden." *Fountainhall's Decisions*, vol. I. p. 429.

And the following account is given of his conversion, and of the importance attached to it by the silly bigotry of Perth, and the other courtiers and statesmen of James II.:

"January 17, 1687. Reid, the mountebank, is received into the Popish Church, and one of his blackamoors was persuaded to accept of baptism from the Popish priests, and to turn Christian Papist, which was a great trophy. He was called James, after the King, and Chancellor, and the Apostle James." *Ibid.* p. 4.

"His means of defence were formidable. From the bosom of the lake, the waters of which wash the inaccessible base of that part of the Pindus called Mount Mitchikell, rises an isle containing seven monasteries and one village. These Ali had lately replaced by a fortress and magazines which contained his warlike stores. At the further end of the *terra-firma*, which a navigable strait separates from the town, is a vast fortress overlooked by the Castle of the Lake, whence Ali commanded the entire range of Janina. These three castles, now become the refuge of the despot of Albania, were fortified with two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. It is true, that, by the desertion of his army, he was reduced to the defence of his fortified capital; but he still remained master of the navigation of the lake, by means of a small squadron of gun-boats, manned by Greeks from Corfu.

"As soon as the Turkish army was perceived encamped upon the Driscos, the inhabitants of Janina were only anxious to preserve their families and property from the greedy hordes which surrounded them. They had also every thing to fear from Ali and his satellites. The lake was immediately covered with boats filled with the wives and children of the first families, who were being transported towards Zagori, by coasting along the shores, which the Turkish army had not yet outflanked. The majority of the inhabitants either buried their riches, or had recourse to emigration. Irritated at this sight, Ali allowed his faithful Arnantes the pillage of a town, which he could no longer preserve, and which it was even his interest to destroy. Temples, private dwellings, public buildings, immediately became the prey of a wild and lawless soldiery. Treasures, altars, and sanctuaries, were all equally exposed to their unbridled fury; while the privacy of the harem and public baths was invaded, and their unfortunate inhabitants subjected to all the horrors of brutal violence:—Mahometans and Christians were alike the object of their rage: there was no distinction.

"Even the tombs of the Archbishops were forced open for the purpose of robbing them of the relics they contained, and which were enriched with precious stones. Gold, jewels, and rich merchandize, all became the object of pillage; and from the midst of this devoted city, which presented on every side the picture of desolation, rose loud outcries of anguish and distress, mingled with the clash of arms of those who were defending their domestic hearths against their merciless destroyers. The churches even were stained with the blood of these wretches, who quarrelled among each other for the sacred vessels and lamps, which were of silver gilt. To all these horrors succeeded one still greater. When the Arnantes had glutted themselves with pillage, upon an appointed signal, a most furious cannonading, accompanied with horrid outcries, announced the destruction of the city. Showers of bombs, grenades, and fire-balls, carried devastation, fire, and carnage, into the different quarters of Janina, which no longer presented any other appearance but that of a vast conflagration. Seated upon one of the bastions of his Castle of the Lake, Ali himself directed the cannonade, pointing out the spots which the flames had not yet reached. At his voice, the fire from the artillery redoubled with the utmost fury. In two hours, bazars, bezestans, pub-

lic baths, mosques, and private dwellings, were overwhelmed by an all-devouring sea of fire.

"Escaping from the progress of the flame, the Janiotes, having in their rear men half burnt, or otherwise wounded, women carrying their children, and old men bending beneath the weight of years, succeeded in gaining the fortified enclosure. Scarcely had they passed it when they were attacked by the outposts of the Turkish army. Far from protecting these unfortunates who had fled from fire and carnage, the Romellan hordes rushed upon the defenceless citizens, pillaged them, and tore the children from the embraces of their imploring mothers. A cry of terror and despair gave the signal of alarm to their companions behind, and the mass of the population immediately dispersed. But where could they find a refuge? Those who escaped the Turks were stopped in the defiles by the needy and rapacious mountaineers, who completed their spoliation.—The extremity of distress frequently rouses the weaker sex to uncommon exertions of physical and moral energy: women, carrying their children at the breast, traversed the chain of Pindus, and in a single day performed the journey from Janina to Arta; many, seized with the pangs of childbirth, expired in the recesses of the forests: young virgins, that they might not fall the victims of lust, disfigured their native charms with dreadful gashes, as in the time of the ancient martyrs, and sought for refuge in gloomy caverns, where many perished with misery and hunger. The defiles and roads were all strewn with dead bodies, with the wounded and dying; and traces of the ruin of Janina presented themselves throughout all Epirus.

"The Turkish army, whose only share in these latter events had been the pillage of the unfortunate Janiotes who had escaped the conflagration, waited for Baba Pacha, who arrived with his troops on the 19th of August. The next day Pacha Bey decamped, and marched towards the ruins of the capital of Epirus; they were yet smoking when he made his entry through the gate of Perilepti. Having had his tent pitched out of cannon range, and having read aloud the firman which conferred upon him the titles of Pacha of Janina and Delvino, he set up the tails, the emblem of his power, and took the title of Ismael Pacha. From the height of his towers, Ali heard the acclamations of the Turks, who saluted the new Pacha with the names of *Padi* and *Gazi*, or the victorious. The Cadi immediately read the sentence which declared Ali outlawed and deprived of his dignities: a Marabout, or Turkish priest, then threw a stone towards the fortress to which the outlaw had retired; and the anathema against the black Ali, now for ever cut off from orthodox Mussulmans, was repeated by all the bystanders, with cries of *Long live the Sultan Mahmoud! So be it, Amen*. Loud shouts, and a lively fire from their guns and mortars, was the reply made by the besieged to the acclamations of the Turkish army, whose thunders were too impotent to reduce three fortresses so well fortified, and served by artillery-men who had been selected from the different armies of Europe. At the same time the small squadron of Ali, decked out gaily with all their colours as on a fête day, manœuvred about the lake in sight of the Turks, whom they saluted with bullets, as soon as they appeared inclined to

approach the shores of the lake. Ali's garrison, which was about eight thousand strong, was composed of Dgedges, Toskides, and Franks or Europeans, all firmly devoted to him. An easy communication between the fortresses was kept up by means of their batteries. The Castle of the Lake, to which Ali had retired, was provisioned for more than four years, and had supplies of ammunition and warlike stores fully ample for a long and obstinate defence. Neither could water ever be wanting, as the castle was situated in the midst of a lake which abounded with fish and aquatic fowls. Besides, Ali was master of the navigation, and the influence of his gold, operating upon the avidity of the peasants, would, in spite of all opposition, ensure him fresh provisions so long as a sheep or a goat was to be found in Epirus. His resolution was strengthened when he contemplated the martial figures who surrounded him, and who, having promoted the rebellion, could expect no quarter if once they fell into the hands of the Ottomans. Their cause was therefore identical with Ali's. Ali easily imagined that, amongst so numerous a garrison, many soldiers, accustomed to a desultory warfare, might be dissatisfied with the restraint imposed upon them by the nature of the service, and only awaited an opportunity to desert. This disposition he turned to his own advantage: he caused a list of the discontented to be drawn up,—it was numerous. Fifteen hundred of them he intended for a sortie, and ordered their full pay to be given them: and having afforded Odyssee, their chief, the means of entering into communications with Ismael Pacha, he opened his gates to them. Scarcely had they arrived in sight of the Turkish head-quarters, when their chief, bending his knee, saluted Ismael Pacha with the title of *Veli* and *Gazi*. The deserters were immediately received with military acclamations, complimented upon their resolution, and had a spot assigned them for bivouacking apart from the rest. All having thus succeeded in his first object, which was to get rid of dangerous troops, soon rendered them suspected by the Ottomans, naturally jealous of the Albanians. Every day the latter were subjected to fresh humiliations. Odyssee increased their troubles still more, by suddenly withdrawing himself. They lost all traces of him in the mountains, whence he gained the Isle of Ithaca. The *Armatols*, whom he had deserted, becoming more and more the objects of suspicion to the Turks, at length dispersed themselves through the mountains in the rear of the Ottoman army, which from this time they continued to harass by their incessant depredations."

Ali's three sons were induced to submit, and surrender Preveza and Argyro-Castron, "but Hussein Pacha, Mouctar's eldest son, refused to surrender Tepelini. Having assembled the Toskides, he thus addressed them: 'My father, my nucleus, my cousins, and all who have been honoured by my grandfather's confidence, have betrayed it—shall Hussein Pacha do the same?' At these words the Toskides called out, unanimously, that they would all perish sooner than betray their master's grandson.

"Ali was ignorant of the magnanimous resolution of Hussein, when he received the news of the defection of his three sons; for Sely Bey had also submitted. Preserving an admirable tranquillity in the midst of so many reverses, he contented himself by say-

ing, 'that he had been for a long time persuaded that his sons were unworthy of their race.' He himself communicated the alarming intelligence to his garrison. 'From this day,' said he to his chiefs and soldiers, 'the brave defenders of my cause are my only children and heirs.' After this short but pithy harangue, he kept up a furious cannonade against the Turks, which lasted during the greater part of the night.

"In the mean time the Turkish army had manifested the greatest enthusiasm at the news of the submission of Ali's sons; and mortars and cannon having arrived at the camp of Ismael Pacha, he immediately opened the trenches before the castle. Scarcely had the balls begun to batter the grand seraglio of Litariza, when the Turks loudly demanded to be led to the escalade. This ardour, less the result of a warlike feeling than of a desire to plunder the treasures of Ali, much disconcerted the Seraskier, who had intended to terminate the war in a very different manner; being anxious to preserve Ali's riches from the pillage of his soldiers, that they might increase his own and the Sultan's treasures. To allay, therefore, in some degree, the impetuosity of his troops, he represented to the principal officers the extreme folly of attacking sabre in hand a fortress defended by so many cannon, under the whole fire of which they would be obliged to march, without being covered by any fortifications. The ground was also quite exposed, no breach had yet been made in the place, and they had not even obtained a position from which to keep up a fire of musquetry on the besieged.

"These objections, disseminated throughout the camp by the Seraskier's agents, did not, however, put an end to the murmurs. It was found that Baba Pacha, whose thoughts were solely occupied with pillage, was the promoter of these discontents; that he permitted his troops to pillage; and that at length, to consummate his bold insubordination, he had entered into a correspondence with Ali. It would have been the height of imprudence to have punished the Bulgarian in the midst of his hordes. But his sudden death left room for suspicion that Ismael Pacha had despatched him by poison: a method very generally adopted in Turkey when the use of the fatal cord is, from circumstances, deemed impolitic. An inventory being taken of his spoils, amongst them was found treasure amounting to about 60,000*l.* sterling. It was immediately sent off to the Grand Seignior.

"Ismael Pacha, having thus got rid of his antagonist, began in his turn to form intrigues in the garrison of the Castle of the Lake. He succeeded in sowing discord between Ali, the Dgedges, and the Toskides, who were dissatisfied with seeing the aged Ibrahim Pacha, formerly their Vizier, still dragging on a miserable existence in irons: they loudly demanded his liberty. Ali, whom fortune now subjected to the severest trials, consented to set Ibrahim and his son at liberty, whom he immediately released from the dungeon. The seditious soldiers next insisted upon an advance of pay. Ali immediately increased it to about 4*l.* a month, and at the same time made a proportionate advance in the pay of his other troops. 'I never haggle,' said he, 'with my family, my adopted children; they shed their blood for me, and gold is nothing in comparison with the services I receive from them.'

We had hoped that our Review of this volume would have closed in our present Number; but the catastrophe is so striking, and (we think) the extracts so interesting, that we trust our readers will not be displeased to find they have still four or five columns in store.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

THE antiquities and works of art brought from Egypt by General Menn Minutoli, which are placed for the present in a hall of the Palace of Monbijou, will probably be purchased by the Government and added to the Berlin Museum. Among them are the remarkable collections made in the catacombs of ancient Thebes, such as well preserved mummies in triple coffins, rare rolls of papyrus, which Professors Böckle and Bellermann will apply their talents to decipher; &c.

## FINE ARTS.

### MRS. HANNAH MORE.

THE Portrait of this distinguished Lady, painted by H. W. Pickersgill, A.R.A. and exhibited in the Royal Academy last season, is engraving for publication.

### THE LATE CHARLES DIBDIN.

A Subscription has been opened for the erection of a Monument to the late Mr. Charles Dibdin, to whose lyrical muse his country owed much during the period of her greatest peril, in the arduous contest which for more than twenty years shook the world. The nature, sentiment, character, and poetry which were displayed to so remarkable an extent in his Songs, have perhaps never been duly appreciated, for they came forth singly or in small numbers, and the impression which a view of their collected genius makes, was never sufficiently felt. But their universal popularity decides the question of general merits; while their influence on the Naval spirits of Britain was, it may justly be asserted, a powerful ally in the war in which the country was engaged. Thus recommended, both by literature and patriotism, we trust the proposed design will meet with the encouragement it deserves. The tribute is late, and the debt is owing to the memory of a man whose name will outlive this monument, however lasting its materials.

### CHRIST CHURCH, MIDDLESEX.

[Engraved by W. Burr from a Drawing by A. Burges.]

This Church, so great an ornament to the eastern parts of the Metropolis, will, we hear, be opened for public worship to-morrow se'nnight. In the event of our not being able to inspect it personally, we are gratified to have before us the handsome Print (above mentioned) which has just been published, and which conveys so favourable an idea of the structure. For the style adopted, Christ's Church is upon a very large scale, and the effect it produces is proportionately imposing. The interior, we are informed by competent judges, is admirably adapted for its sacred uses, combining, with enow of those advantages which the luxury of the age demands, a sobriety of ornament consistent with the nature of the edifice. The plate is very neatly finished, and forms a desirable topographical illustration of London.

*Views in Switzerland, drawn from Nature by G. Bourgeois, and on Stone by A. Aglio. No. I. London. N. Chater & Co.*

THESE well selected and sweet Landscapes afford fair promise of a pleasing lithographic work, in the continuation of the Series of which this first Number has just appeared. It consists of four Views; Entrance to Nion, which is picturesque, but not very good in perspective; Castle of Nion, a fanciful and striking subject, cleverly done; Mont Blanc, a beautiful foreground, rather dim in the distance; and Junction of the Arve and Rhone, another delightful scene, and one of the prettiest specimens of the Stone which we have seen produced in England. It is free, clear, and soft: rare qualities to be united in this style of Art. The remainder of the design, if executed in this manner, must be highly appreciated and popular.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.

## IV.—Arion.

THE winds are high, the clouds are dark,  
But stay not thou for storm, my bark;  
What is the song of love to me,  
Unheard, my sweet EOLE, by thee?  
Fair lips may smile, and eyes may shine;  
But lip nor eye will be like thine,  
And every blush that mantles here  
But images one more bright and more dear.  
My spirit of song is languid and dead,  
If not at thine altar of beauty fed.  
Again I must listen thy gentle tone,  
And make its echo in music my own;  
Again I must look on thy smile divine,  
Again I must see the red flowers twine  
Around my harp, enwreathed by thine hand,  
And waken its chords at my love's command.—  
I have dwelt in a distant but lovely place,  
And worshipped many a radiant face;  
And sipped the flowers from the purple wine,  
But they were not so sweet as one kiss of thine.  
I have wandered o'er land, I have wandered o'er sea,  
But my heart has ne'er wandered, EOLE, from  
And, Greece, my own, my glorious land! [thee.—  
I will take no laurel but from thy hand.  
What is the light of a Poet's name,  
If it is not his country that hallows his fame?  
Where may he look for guerdon so fair  
As the honour and praise that await him there?  
His name will be lost and his grave forgot,  
If the tears of his country preserve them not! —  
— He laid him on the deck to sleep,  
And pleasant was his rest, and deep;  
He heard familiar voices speak,  
He felt his love's breath on his cheek;  
He looked upon his own blue skies,  
He saw his native temples rise:  
Even in dreams he wept to see  
What he had loved so tenderly.  
The Sailors look'd within the hold,  
And envied him his shining gold:  
They waked him, bade him mark the wave,  
And said 'twas for ARION's grave!  
He watched each dark face that appeared,  
And saw each heart with gold was seared,  
Then roused his spirit's energy,  
And stood prepared in pride to die!  
He cast one look upon his lyre—  
He felt his heart and hand on fire,  
And prayed the slaves to let him pour  
His spirit in its song once more!  
He sung,—the notes at first were low,  
Like the whispers of love, or the breathings of woe:  
The waters were hushed, and the winds were stay'd,  
As he sang his farewell to his Lesbian maid!

Even his murderers paused and wept,  
But looked on the gold and their purpose kept.  
More proudly he swept the chords along,  
'Twas the stirring burst of a battle song—  
And with the last close of his martial strain  
He plunged with his lyre in the deep blue main!  
— The tempest has burst from its blackened  
dwelling,

The lightning is flashing, the waters are swelling  
In mountains crested with foam and with froth,  
And the wind has rushed like a giant forth;  
The deck is all spray, the mast is shattered,  
The sails, like the leaves in the autumn, are scat-  
The Mariner's pale with fear, for a grave [tered;  
Is in the dark bosom of every wave.

The billows rushed—one fearful cry  
Is heard of human agony;  
Another swell—no trace is seen  
Of what upon its breast has been! — — —

But who is he, who o'er the sea  
Rides like a god, triumphantly,  
Upon a dolphin? All is calm  
Around—the air he breathes is balm,  
And quiet as beneath the sky  
Of his own flowery Arcady;  
And all grows peaceful, as he rides  
His dolphin through the glassy tides;  
And ever as he music drew  
From his sweet harp, a brightening hue,  
Like rainbow tints, a gentle boud,  
Told how the creature loved the sound.  
ARION, some God has watched over thee,  
And saved thee alike from man and the sea.  
The night came on, a summer night,  
With snowy clouds and soft starlight;  
And glancing meteors, like the flash  
Sent from a Greek girl's dark eyelash  
O'er a sky as blue as her own blue eyes,  
Borne by winds as perfumed and light as her sighs.  
The zenith Moon was shedding her light  
In the silence and glory of deep midnight,  
When the voice of singing was heard from afar,  
Like the music that echoes a falling star;  
And presently came gliding by  
The Spirit of the melody:

A radiant shape, her long gold hair  
Flew like a banner on the air,  
Save one or two bright curls that fell  
Like gems upon a neck whose swell  
Rose like the dove's, when its mate's caress  
Is smoothing the soft plumes in tenderness;  
And one arm, white as the sea spray,  
Amid the chords of music lay.  
She swept the strings, and fixed the while  
Her dark eye's wild luxuriant smile  
Upon ARION, and her lip,  
Like the first spring rose that the bee can sip,  
Curled half in the pride of its loveliness,  
And half with a love-sigh's voluptuousness.

There is a voice of music swells  
In the ocean's coral groves;  
Sweet is the harp in the pearly cells,  
Where the step of the sea-maid roves.  
The angry storm when it rolls above,  
At war with the foaming wave,  
Is soft and low as the voice of love,  
Ere it reach her sparry cave.  
When the Sun seeks his glorious rest,  
And his beams o'er ocean fall,  
The gold and the crimson, spread on the west,  
Brighten her crystal hall.

The sands of amber breathe perfume,  
Gemm'd with pearls like tears of snow,  
Around in wreathes the white sea-flowers bloom,  
The waves in music flow.  
Child of the lyre! is not this a spot  
That would suit a Minstrel well?  
Then haste thee and share the Sea-maid's lot,  
Her love and her spar-built cell.

ARION scarcely heard the strain,  
Her song was lost, her smile was vain,  
He had a charm all charms above,  
To guard his heart—the charm of love.  
He floated on. The morning came,  
With lip of dew and cheek of flame;  
He looked upon his native shire,  
His voyage, his perilous voyage is o'er.  
There stood a temple by the sea,  
Raised to its queen, Amphitrite:  
ARION entered, and kneeling there  
He saw a Girl, like spring-day fair,  
Feeding with incense the sacred flame,  
And he heard her hymn, and it breathed his name.  
Oh, Love, a whole life is not worth this bliss—  
EOLÆ has met her ARION's kiss! —  
They raised an altar upon the seashore,  
And every spring they cover'd it o'er  
With fruits of the wood and flowers of the field,  
And the richest perfumes that the East could yield;  
And as the waves rolled, they knelt by the side,  
And poured their hymn to the Queen of the Tide.  
L. E. L.

## To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

In the following, I have endeavoured to rival the Cockney Bard of Pisa in a *Parody* on some stanzas from the Italian, which he has published in that precious compound of folly, blasphemy, and disloyalty, the *Liberal*; the article alluded to is Verses to a Country Maiden. Who has succeeded best in this species of *burlesque*, yourself and readers must determine.

## STANZAS TO MY CAT.

I sing of no Maiden, I sing of my Cat! [morn,  
Oh "she gets up betimes," "quite quite in the  
Quite quite in the morn, when the day is scarce  
born; [down—  
But the light of her eyes makes you think it is  
For, Oh! they're so goggling, so green, and so  
bright!

Then she jumps, the first thing, on a very high wall,  
With one of "the springs" of her "fresh naked  
feet,"

"Naked feet, naked feet," so white and so fleet;  
And the neighb'ring cats on the tiles she doth  
meet,

For they all like to see my most beautiful Puss!  
Then she puts up her paw to "wash her sweet face,"  
And her bosom so furry, so soft, and so white,  
So soft and so white; 'tis "a beautiful sight."  
The Grimalkins gaze on her with "gentle de-  
light,"

And she wags her tail at them, my aly little Puss!

But sometimes she sets up a terrible mew,  
Which makes the cats cry, and the dogs also,  
The dogs also: they run to and fro,

And then with the cats they give blow for blow,  
You would think they all tried to see who could  
scratch best.

Then she eats and she drinks, and she goes home  
to bed

"Barefooted," and having no "laces and things,"  
No "laces and things;" she purrs and she sings,  
And on a soft cushion her body she flings,  
And so my sweet Tabby "she passes her time!"

E. R.

\* The expressions marked with inverted commas are copied from the Cockney model of simplicity.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## WINE AND WALNUTS.

Chap. XIX. "The Devil Tavern," concluded.

[Heidegger proceeds.]

"Where is mine honest old friend's Mis-  
tare John Dehn? I have been to see Bed-  
ford—I have been to see Rose—I have been to

se Shakespeare's—I have been to se neighbour *Dickes*—to se neighbour *Nandis*—to se neighbour *t'othare la Greyus* (the Grecian)—also to se *Rainbow*. Vot is mine friend John Denni mort—gone deads to se grave? Mon Dieu! I will give twenty guinea to finds mine friend John Denni, all for to show dis caracature, (unrolling a paper which was tucked into his muff.) "Poor Mistare Denni, it shall add ten—twenty year to his lifes.

"Here, Mistare Colley Cibbares, look—regardez. Vat, see you that little vasp of Tweek—Tweek—vat you call Tweekensam—the poet Mistare Popes? He has at last meet wif his match. Now you shall see. By Gar, I will leave, honore, and regard, vif all mine hearts, that clever genius Mistare Hogart so long as I live to my deaths. Look ye, Mistare Colley Cibbares, I do not care a pinche of snuff for all se little monkey Mistare Pope's scribble *contre moi*. Mais, I have un grande respect for some vat the malicieux spiteful rascale spit the spleen of his galls at. Doctare Bentley is a clevere gentlemen—Mistare Tebbaldts is a clevere gentlemen—Sir Richard Blackeymoors is very good doctare—mine friend Mistare John Denni is the great scholar. Then there is mine worthy friend present, to whom the town is var much obliged for the elegant entertainment he provide pour la publique, accompanying the compliment with a bow to Colley Cibber.

"For which, and be d—d to you," said old Ben Read, "he stands infinitely obliged to you and that gormandizing German co-partner of yours. Yes, Shakespeare, like Freedom, is become a dead letter. I am only sorry Pope did not shove old Blow-bellows into the Dunciad, with his roritorios and squealing outlandish operas. There's Harry Purcell,<sup>16</sup> our own countryman, with more music in his little finger than that Mister Blow-bellows in his whole carcass."

"Mistare Pope! Mistare Pope!—he pote mine illustrious friend into se Dunciad! That he will not do navarre. Mistare Pope<sup>17</sup> has abouts as moche taste pour se harmonies, as moche a chudge of se musique, as Mistare Ben Reads. Ah! vot! Vy did he not pote Mistare Handel in the Dunciades? I will tell you a secret, Mistare Ben Reads, (in a loud whisper, with his finger on his nose)—Vy not? Vy, because mine Lord the Earl of Burlington vould not let him—and because Doctare Arbussnots vould not let him—and because more-over and above all sis, all se varld shall laugh and grin at Mistare Popes if he dare to show his teeth at Mistare Handel. And so that is vy not, Mistare Ben Reads."

<sup>16</sup> Harry Purcell. The John Bulls of the Old School were always battling against the sinking reputation of our own celebrated composer Henry Purcell, whose name, great as was his genius, is scarcely known to the present generation of musical amateurs.

<sup>17</sup> Pope, like the learned Johnson, was insensible to the charms of music. This elegant poet, whose strains were all harmony, strange to say, confessed to Dr. Arbuthnot that he could not feel the power of this art—and seriously asked his opinion of Handel, whom he so frequently heard to touch the harpsichord at Lord Burlington's. *Conceive the highest you can of his abilities—and they are much beyond any thing you can conceive!* Pope did him honour in the Dunciad. Dr. Arbuthnot composed with taste, an anthem of his, As pants the Hart, is in the collection at the Chapel Royal. He composed it when Physician to Queen Anne, and had apartments at St. James's.

"Ha—ha—ha—haugh! Well, you came in for your allowance," said old double-chin Ben Read—over the face and eyes, as the cat paid the owl—Ha—ha—ha—ha! But I ask your pardon, Count, for I do believe you are a good-hearted man at bottom, upon my soul. But how did it happen, hey?—how—what the devil made the poet clapper-claw you so unmercifully?—Ha—ha—ha—haugh!

"I cannot say—I do not know," replied the Count, again shrugging his shoulders, and raising his hands and eyes, with a most preternatural grin. "N'importe—It vounds not me. I am nobody mine-self, God knows, only an adventurer, Mistare Ben Reads—a mere papillon—a gaudie butterfly, here to-day, and gone perhaps se day aftare. Pote, Mistare Ben Reads, mine friend George Frederick Handel is no less a great mans as Mistare Popes; and posteritic, when your great pig pellie is eaten by the worms, and mine ogly face is lost all its beauty in se grave, his *Roritorios*, as you please to call, Mistare Ben Reads—this Mistare Blow-bellows shall be one of se vonders of se varldt!"

"Come, my worthy Count," said Fleetwood, "let us have a look at your satirical print. What is it all about that you chuckle so gayly, and that is to give such a gingering to the founded old *Griffin Dennis*? Poor old Jack has lost his crib,<sup>18</sup> and I fear must soon gnaw the manger."<sup>19</sup>

"Ah, mine stars, dat is se rub! He should not want se cribs, he should not want se mangers in his vat you call gray hair—viellesse—no navarre. Mais, he is like se dog of se jardiner in se fable; if you vil stoops down all for to draw him up from se deep vells, mine sour friends Jack shall be not bite se fingers? One littel times ago since I tell my friend se critic, Mistare John Denni, mine countryman St. Andre<sup>19</sup> will wait upon you, and his purse is a votre service." "He! vat dat impostare—dat rabbit-breeding charlatan—dat vain, tamt trumpety charlatan! The King's surgeon too! A Swiss scoundrel, who talk'd of erecting a house, and be-dam to him, on se principle of anatomy!"—Sare, added Heidegger, "I tought mine old friend se learned critics, he wold trow me out from se windows."

"Vell, mine friendts, now you shall see vot you shall see," unrolling the satirical print, spreading it flat with the palms of his hands, and keeping the corners down with the chess-men. "Look! look! see you dat! Ha—ha—ha—hee—hee—hee—ha—ha—ha!" holding his spy-glass, and with his unsteady hand pointing to the print. "See, I will read for you *le description*. Sis is mine Lordt Burlington's great high valls—see, all drawn in se beautiful perspectiffes. Sis is mine Lordt Burlington's great high gates—see, how moche like se place himself, vot mine Lord, vith se assistance of Mistare Kents (under se rose) build him up from ses own designs; not,

"Poor old John Dennis had a place in the Excise presented to him by Lord Halifax; this he disposed of, but, by the advice of his friends, reserved an annuity on it for forty years. He outlived the term, alas! and died in poverty."

<sup>19</sup> St. Andre, another Swiss adventurer, who succeeded in England, and made a large income. A great pretender to anatomical knowledge, and affecter of general taste, who actually erected a house near Southampton, as he said, on anatomical principles. A supporter of Mother Tofts, the impostor rabbit-breeder of Godalming. St. Andre had the reputation of being generous to men of talent in distress.

(laying his hand on his breast,) 'not sat I vill presume to deny sat ses Lordshippes is note varé fine architects—varé fine genius. Mais, I have seen some lordt, and se fine ladie too, make se varie fine design, se beautiful plans for se villa, for se grand maison. Mais, (knocking his nose with his finger, and giving an incredulous shrug.)—'Mais, it use all moons-shines!

"Mine Gotes! how many times I see my ladie mamma teach his beautiful daughtare tell se lie. Mine varee ingenious friend, both of him, aye, all three of him, Mistare Goupy,<sup>20</sup> and Mistare Liotard, and Mistare Benoist, he say mine Lordt pappa he walk stately, in se creaking shoe, all se vary into my Ladies studie for to regarde mine young Ladies design, all vif se fine colare and se gold frames."

"Varie prettie picture—hem—hum—ho—ha—Your pupile does you se credites, Mistare Goupy—or Mistare Liotard, or Mistare Benoist. Se artiste he bow, se artiste he blush for shame. Mais, mine Ladie she say, 'Is it not varie beautiful for mine daughtare?'—"Hem—hum—ho—ho—ha," says mine Lordt—"I hope, Mistare Goupy, it is all mine daughtare's own vork." Ven my Lady, prenat la parole, he say, "O yes, certainly, mine Lordt, I can vouch for Misse. It is all his own, se pretty childes—not vun singelle touch of se maistre!"

"O mine Gote!" squalled the Ugly Count,—"Vat you sink if I declare, *sur mon honneur*, Mistare Goupy take se Bible oath my prittie littel Misse scarcely touch se picture himself not at all!"

"Vell, mine Lordt Burlingtons he make se noble, se magnifique design for se grande gate. Mistare Popes he flatten mine Lordt; mine Ladie Burlingtons she flattet Mistare Popes. He compare mine Lordt to se Godes himself in de skies—se *British Vitruve*! To be sure, Sare *Cristoppare Wrens*, Sare *Indigo Jones*, and mine very good patrons Sare *John Vanbrooks*,<sup>21</sup> he is all three noting at all to mine Lordt Burlingtons ven Mistare Alexander Popes he chuge to give mine Lordt se white-vashings. Mine Lordt Burlingtons and mine Ladie Burlingtons is both of him varee good noblemans. Mais, Mistare Popes he vill navarre praise with se justice one great mans, pote he send, at se same expence, two, three, four other great mans headlongs all se vary to se devil. If se great poet, viche all se varld say he is, shall whitevash mine Lordt, for why se devils in hell must he splash all se varld of taste beside?"

"Now, Mistare Colley Cibbars, look you; do you look too, mine friend Mistare Fleetwoods—and you, Mistare Quins—and you, Mistare Lacy Ryans. Ha—ha—ha!—See,

<sup>20</sup> Liotard, Goupy, and Benoist, foreign artists, who taught drawing in the families of the higher class, in the beginning of the last century. Liotard, a bit of a charlatan, wore his beard and a Turkish dress—which, in that age of successful imposture, helped him to patronage.

<sup>21</sup> Sir John Vanbrugh (Vanburgh,) the dramatic writer and architect, who erected the old Opera House in the Haymarket, the scene of Heidegger's fame. Goupy taught Frederic Prince of Wales to draw—it was he, the ungrateful wag, who caricatured Handel, his friend and patron, in that well known etching, where he is seated at his organ, with the head of a hog. In his full bottom'd wig; and in allusion to his penchant for the larder, has appended to the instrument, ducks and capons, hams and geese; which caricature begot Handel's laughing laconic exclamation, "Cor-dam!—ha—ha—ha—haugh! Dis is anoder Swiss!"

here is a scaffolds, and here, mine friend Mistare Ben Reads, is se littel poet Got-tam in his full-bottom vigs, vif his plaster-brush labouring away like se littel black bugaboos devils in se mnd valls. Here is se explanation in Mistare Hogart own vards—"A, se plasterer chites-washing and bees-bees-spat-spatterings." Mine soul to mine bodye, it is se varree morals of Popes—Regardez his littel hump-back, and se littel short leg kicking se platiere-pail in se great stream, to run upon se heads of any body else. Let me see—yes, "B"—O se troll, se incomparable paintare!—Ha—ha—he—he—he!—"B, any body that comes in his way." Look you, gentlemen, how se poor passengare run all se way along Piccadilly, covare with se splash of se whites-vash. Now look, here is se letter "C, not a Duke's coach, as appears by se crescent in se corner." O, Mistare Hogart, you vill not findes no varree son perill—no, no-varre!—he is so tamm'd comique troll, and so full of se vits, vat nobody never is before pour faire, to make se vit, se satiare in se pictare. Why mine Gotamity, it is se varree coach of se Duke de Chamdorise himself! Yes, yes, Mistare Popes has be-spattare se good and se generous Duke vif se malice of se blackgart Machiavel, or se shoe-blackker in se dirty street of Saint Gile. N'importe! Mistare Poppie Pope has for vonce met vif his match—Se painte-pots against se ink-pote, mine darlings fine fellow! You founney dogs Hogart!—Huza! Huza!"

## LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Nov. 5, 1822.

I HAVE just read some of the proof-sheets of the Napoleon Memoirs, which I told you had been bought by Bossange, and are now in the press. Independently of the extraordinary interest which the subjects and the author cannot fail to excite, these volumes will rank among the most remarkable literary productions of this country or the age. The reputation of Napoleon (if it may be judged from these specimens,) will suffer nothing from his authorship; for, though any thing but a professed man of letters, there are many passages penned by him in his prison worthy of the best writers. The following extract, which precedes the history of the 18th Brumaire, may give you an idea of his style:

"Lorsqu'une déplorable faiblesse et une versatilité sans fin se manifestent dans les conseils du pouvoir; lorsque cédant tour à tour à l'influence de parties contraires et vivant au jour le jour, sans plan fixe, sans marche assurée, il a donné la mesure de son insuffisance et que les citoyens les plus modérés sont forcés de convenir que l'état n'est plus gouverné; lorsqu'enfin, à sa nullité au dedans, l'administration joint le tort le plus grave qu'elle puisse avoir aux yeux d'un peuple fier, je veux dire l'avidité au dehors,—alors une inquiétude vague se répand dans la société, le besoin de sa conservation l'agite, et promenant sur elle-même ses regards, elle semble chercher un homme qui puisse la secourir. Ce génie tutélaire, une nation membreuse le réinvente toujours dans son sein; mais quelquefois il tarde à paraître. En effet il ne suffit pas qu'il existe, il faut qu'il soit connu; il faut qu'il se connaisse lui-même. Jusque là toutes les tentatives sont vaines, toutes les menées impuissantes. L'inertie du grand nombre protège le gouvernement nominal et malgré son impéritie et sa faiblesse, les efforts de ses ennemis ne prévalent point contre lui. Mais que ce Sauveur, impatientement attendu, don-

ne tout à coup un signe d'existence l'instinct naturel le devine et l'appelle, les obstacles s'aplanissent devant lui et tout un grand peuple volant sur son passage semble dire: Le Voila!"

Napoleon in this work views men and circumstances on a grand scale. He appears free, for the most part, from personal animosities; and even his adversaries are treated with moderation. He entirely disculpates General Jomini, who was accused by the French not merely with having gone over to the enemy, but with having stolen from the Emperor the plans of the campaign, and having given them to the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army. "Jomini (says Napoleon) was not a Frenchman; he was treated with great injustice. He warmly resented such treatment, and it was natural for him to quit France; but of the plans of the campaign he had not the slightest information." Moreau is treated with the same impartiality. Bernadotte is almost the only individual against whom the writer appears to have felt animicable resentment. This remarkable production will form at least fifteen or sixteen volumes, and it is probable that some time will elapse before the first volumes will be ready for publication.

The eternal absence of their author from the theatre which he so long filled and controlled, has not restored the calm and security which was predicted. Party-feeling is active and violent. The literary corps is agitated in every fibre; political animosity envenoms all literary discussions. The editors of the *Courier des Spectacles* and of the *Reveil*, after an exchange of disgusting abuse, gave a rendezvous to settle their quarrel. Fortunately some eloquent friends arrived on the ground before the swords were drawn from their scabbards; an explanation took place, and all hostilities terminated by a combat à la fourchette.

The editors of the *Album*, also grievously insulted by the editors of the *Reveil*, sent them a cartel. The meeting took place in the *Bois de Boulogne*, and the *Reveilleurs* were a second time successful in getting off without paying with their blood for their ink. An explanation ensued instead of blows, and the *Album* is whiter than ever.

M. Emmanuel Dupaty, author of the *Dela-teurs*, lately read to the *Société Des Soupers de Momus*, a new Poem called *Les Ultras*. It was received by his party with enthusiastic applause.

*Clitemnestre* is to be performed the day after to-morrow (the 7th), and the next new tragedy to be brought out at the Théâtre Français is *Ebroin*, or the Mayor of the Palace, by M. Ancelot, author of "Louis IX." *Valentine de Milan* is to be immediately performed at the Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique; and after *Valentine*, *Kenilworth Castle*, by Scribe, a well-known dramatist, who is considered to have succeeded in getting up a most interesting piece from Walter Scott's Romance.

M. Chateaufort has imitated Colman in a play arranged for the French Theatre, and entitled *John Bull*. The censure has interdicted the performance. You know, doubtless, that Mr. Penley's troop has been even refused permission to perform the English Comedy. The new order of the prefect prohibiting the stall-keepers to sell any books or prints but such as are approved by the authorities, is a monstrous stride in the route of arbitrary power. It is another coup at the freedom of the press;—thus literature and politics are inseparable.

## Memoir of Count Berthollet, &amp;c.

France has lost, by the death of M. le Comte Berthollet, one of its most illustrious and most useful citizens. He was a member of the Academy of Sciences, and a Peer of France. At the age of 64, some years of beneficial exertion might still have been hoped for by his friends and his country, and his death is therefore deeply felt, and even lamented as premature.

This distinguished chemist was born at Talloire, in Savoy. He was of the medical profession, and became physician to the grandfather of the present duke of Orleans. His attainments and his chemical labours obtained for him so high a reputation, that scarcely had he reached his 24th year, when he was elected member of the French Academy, and of several learned societies of Europe.

In 1794, M. Berthollet was appointed one of the commissioners of agriculture and the arts. Two months after, he became professor of the *Ecole Normale*, and the following year, on the organization of the Institute, he was one of the first members. In 1798, M. Berthollet was sent into Italy by the Directory, as one of the persons charged with the selection of the pictures, statues, and other objects which were to be transported to Paris. He there became connected with General Buonaparte, and afterwards accompanied him to Egypt. In the year 1799 he returned to France, and was called to a seat in the Conservative Senate. He successively received the ranks of Comte, grand officer of the *legion d'honneur*, and grand cross of the order of *Réunion*. His friendship for M. de la Place determined him to purchase a country house in the village of Arcueil. It was in this house, adjoining the abode of his colleague, that he established a laboratory for experiments, and collected around him a number of young physicians and chemists, almost all of them his own pupils, in order to promote the progress of science and pursue the system of analysis. This select meeting took the name of the *Société d'Arcueil*, and published 3 vols. of memoirs, of the highest interest. His love of chemical science, to which he has so much contributed by his writings and his labours, induced him to devote to his experiments, not only the income which he derived from his appointments, but also so considerable a part of his personal property, as to oblige him to reduce his establishment and decline appearing at Court: Napoleon, when Emperor, it is related, having learned the situation of his affairs, sent for him, and in a tone of affectionate reproach, said, "M. Berthollet, j'ai toujours cent mille ecus au service de mes amis." In fact, he ordered that sum to be immediately conveyed to him.

M. Berthollet distinguished himself by the most useful discoveries, such as the composition of ammoniac—by a multitude of valuable and ingenious processes, such as preserving water fresh by carbonizing the inside of barrels; giving to flax and hemp the appearance of cotton, &c. &c. He was particularly successful in bleaching vegetable substances by oxygenated muriatic acid, and this process, introduced into all the great manufactories, has occasioned the adoption of a variety of names formed in his honour, such as *Berthollimètre*, *Bertholléur*, *Berthollien*, &c.

M. Berthollet published many works which attest his superior genius. The most important is his *Essai de Statique Chimique*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1803, translated into English in 1804.

The honourable career which he had opened for himself, was followed by his son. The father beheld with pleasure and confidence the progress of his child, and hoped to have had in him an assistant and a successor; but that interesting young man was snatched from his parents, his friends, and science, in 1811.

M. Berthollet always voted in the Chamber of Paris on the side of the opposition.

M. Chaptal pronounced at the tomb of this celebrated man a most eloquent and affecting discourse—He concluded with these words, "O! my colleagues, my friends! let the virtues, the services, the devotedness of M. Berthollet be regarded by us as examples, and let us weep the loss of one of the most perfect of men, carefully formed by nature, as if for a model to all those who devote themselves to the study of the sciences."

The famous Italian improvisatore Sestini, died lately here of a brain fever. Some days before his death, this young man had improvised before a large assembly, whom he had filled with admiration. When he felt his end approach, he improvised his address to Italy—they were exquisite, and expressed his regret at dying distant from his natal soil, and his prayers to heaven for the liberty and happiness of his country. Such was his last effort.

You have seen in all the journals extracts and criticisms of the two new pieces of M. Soumet, which I informed you some time ago were about to be performed. Saul has not been so generally applauded as *Clytemnestra*. In fact, M. Soumet makes very beautiful verses, but has not talents of a high order. Conception and keeping are both wanting, and of course there is great inequality and feebleness amidst the charm and glow of his poetry. The entire effect does not answer to the occasional excitement. On the whole, he has great reason for self gratulation; but at the first representation of *Clytemnestra* the costume of one of the actors produced a slight appearance of disposition to ridicule. The author, to whose ears some peals of laughter were awfully ominous, ran out of the house, went to the residence of his uncle, and, bursting into tears, related the circumstance and deplored his unhappy fate. His uncle, who is much attached to him, wept with his nephew, and when a friend arrived to announce the brilliant success of the piece—to his dismay, he found the author and his relative both dissolved in tears.

The report that M. le duc de Levis was about to enter the ministry, has revived, in the salons, the story of one of his ancestors, a Levis, who had a famous painting of the Virgin; before her stood an ancient duke de Levis, with his hat in his hand, and the Virgin Mary was represented as at the moment of saying to him "Couvrez vous, mon cousin." This cousinship to the Virgin is a proof (say the opposition wits) that the Levis are an old family, and that the ancient regime has nothing to fear from the ministry of the Duke. They also shrewdly observe, that the cousin of Mary must have been a Jew.

#### THE DRAMA.

THIS week calls for only a general notice. The new Juliet has completely fulfilled our anticipations, and filled Covent Garden Theatre. Her next character will be in the new tragedy

of *The Convict*, from the pen of Mr. Shiel; but as the house overflows periodically at present thrice a week, we presume the hurry of bringing out the novelty will slacken.—Henri Quatre, on Thursday, afforded Mr. Macready an opportunity for displaying that fine talent in a character of reckless gaiety touched by generous feeling, which has made this part, Rob Roy, and others, only inferior in rank, not in excellence, to his tragic efforts. The master mind shines in all.—At Drury Lane, on Saturday, Mr. Kean performed Sir Giles Overreach, in which his last scene is a truly terrible and masterly picture. He has also played Othello to a new Iago. His vivid touches in this part are well known: the Iago is not of the first class. Mr. Terry was cast into Cassio, for which he has no qualification but that sound judgment which marks his every appearance on the stage. On Thursday, Mr. Braham appeared in the Siege of Belgrade, and sang not only the airs of the Opera, but several favourite introduced songs, with admirable effect. His welcome was of the warmest kind, and he repaid it by delighting the audience with undiminished powers. Mr. Kean and Mr. Young are announced to perform together.

#### VARIETIES.

The Duchess of Devonshire, it is said, has resumed the excavations at Rome.

The Paris folks say that Lord Byron is about to visit that capital. We had heard that the Liberal establishment was to be transferred from Pisa to Lucca during the winter. Another Number of their Periodical has been announced.

A dinner was given to Mr. T. Moore, on Monday, the 11th, by his friends at Paris, on his leaving that city. Fifty or sixty noblemen and gentlemen attended, and the entertainment was entirely social and literary.

M. Berzelius, the celebrated Swedish chemist, has been named Honorary Member of the French Academy of Sciences, in the room of the late Dr. Herschell.

Mr. Mathews took 1000 dollars at his farewell to Baltimore, Oct. 14.

*Fonthill*.—We observe, from paragraphs in the newspapers, that Fonthill Abbey, of which so much has lately been said, has only been purchased as a speculation by Mr. Farquhar; and that it is likely to be tried as a Show Place, with a sale of its curiosities, during next season.

*Wolves*.—We have often read accounts of the ferociousness of these animals, but do not remember so extraordinary a detail as appears in the Journal de Paris of the 6th. It is stated, that on the 12th and 13th Oct. a wolf, five feet long and about five years old, absolutely ravaged the communes of Benriay, Romegoux, Saint-Porchair, and Saint-Sulpice-d'Arnoult (Charente Inferieure.) In its course it tore and dreadfully mutilated, on the first day, no fewer than nine individuals. On the 13th one woman was killed on the spot, and two others terribly lacerated: the Mayor of Gua, with two persons, attacked the animal, but were severely wounded, and would have perished had not assistance arrived. At last this monster was killed by a man named Jean Mesnard.

A roll of Papyrus, measuring about eleven inches in length and five in circumference,

has been discovered in the Island of Elephantina. It is found to contain a portion of the latter part of the Iliad, very fairly written in large Capitals, such as were in use during the time of the Ptolemies, and under the earlier Roman Emperors. The lines are numbered, and there are Scholia in the margin.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

*Another Cure of Hydrophobia*.—Dr. Laurence, an American physician, of Dervier in New Jersey, has successfully employed for many years a remedy against the hydrophobia, which he has communicated to several physicians. It is proved upon credible testimony, that more than 850 persons, bitten by rabid animals, employed this remedy; and only three cases occurred in which symptoms of hydrophobia appeared, and in each of these cases the quantity of the medicine taken was very small. In two of them, the symptoms disappeared by taking large doses of the medicine. This remedy is the Scutellaria (Skulleap).—[We are not acquainted with the original account of this discovery, but mention it as we have just seen a translation of it into German advertised.]

*Chinese Friendship*.—An officer in Irkutsk having bought something of a Chinese in Kiachta, called him his friend several times, and at parting invited him to visit at his house if ever he came to his country. Several months after, the Chinese arrived at Irkutsk, and took up his abode with his friend the officer. He remained there seven days, and when he went away took all that pleased him, furniture, paintings, clocks, &c. saying, "Adieu, friend." Not long after, the Russian had need of 3000 rubles. As he could not well raise the money at Irkutsk, he travelled to Kiachta, went to the Chinese and begged him to lend him 3000 rubles. "Lend! lend and good friend!" murmured the Chinese: "here, go to my desk and take as much as you want; but if you say any thing more about lending and repaying, our friendship is at an end." The Russian took the sum he wanted, and as he was going away the Chinese shook him heartily by the hand, and cried, "Adieu, my dear dear friend!"

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Westall's Illustrations of the "Loves of the Angels" are engraving on Steel by Mr. Charles Heath.

We understand that the "literary remains" of the late Stephen Kemble, Esq. are now in course of being collected and arranged by an intimate friend of that gentleman, and, it is said, they will shortly appear under very distinguished patronage.—*Durham Advertiser*. A Collection of Poems on various subjects, from the pen of Helen Maria Williams, is in the press; the volume will also contain some Remarks on the Present State of Literature in France.

A Hindoo Tale, in verse, called Zaphna, or The Amulet; by Miss Hill, author of "The Poet's Child," a Tragedy; and "Constance," a Tale; will shortly be published.

An officer in his Majesty's service has nearly ready for publication, Fifteen Years in India; or, Sketches of a Soldier's Life. Being an attempt to describe persons and things in various parts of Hindostan.

A Peveril of the Peak has been published in Germany nearly a month! It is stated to be a translation from an English MS.; but it is a hoax, if it purports to be from the great Scottish store.

Early in December is announced for publication *Paleoromæica*; or, Historical and Philological Disquisitions: humbly inquiring of the learned, whether the Hellenistic style is not Latin-Greek? Whether the many new words in the Elzevir Greek Testament are not formed from the Latin? And whether the hypothesis, that the Greek Text of many manuscripts of the New Testament is a translation or re-translation from the Latin, seems not to elucidate numerous passages; to account for the different recensions; and to explain many phenomena hitherto inexplicable to biblical critics?

"Non affirmo, sed quod suspicor, cum pace aliorum simpliciter annoto."—*Musculus*.

A Journal of a Horticultural Tour through Flanders, Holland, and the North of France, by a Deputation of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, will appear early next month.

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

NOVEMBER.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 7	from 40 to 57	29.89 to 29.80
Friday . . . . 8	from 36 to 53	29.84 to 29.89
Saturday . . . 9	from 29 to 47	29.87 to 29.75
Sunday . . . . 10	from 39 to 52	29.66 to 30.03
Monday . . . . 11	from 37 to 50	30.12 to 30.15
Tuesday . . . . 12	from 42 to 54	30.02 to 29.87
Wednesday . . 13	from 39 to 48	29.88 to 29.48
Rain fallen .375 of an inch.		
Thursday . . . 14	from 29 to 48	29.33 to 29.30
Friday . . . . 15	from 37 to 48	29.15 to 29.38
Saturday . . . 16	from 38 to 44	29.15 to 29.36
Sunday . . . . 17	from 30 to 49	29.50 to 29.58
Monday . . . . 18	from 37 to 54	29.51 to 29.63
Tuesday . . . . 19	from 37 to 54	29.77 to 29.68
Wednesday . . 20	from 47 to 54	29.62 to 29.57
Rain fallen 1 inch and .75 of an inch.		
Nov. 19.—This morning a branch of the Black-berry-bush was seen with eight of the flowers upon it; five had lost their petals: on one of those five the berry was partly formed, two were in full flower, and one was just ready to expand. It was gathered from a rather warm situation in a lane.		

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Philogrammatos* has made another step—his Epigrams will probably appear, but time and many claims press us, and we understand OUR possibilities if he does not.

*Juvenis*, Windsor, is thanked, but "this bout" does not suit us. He has accordingly gone, with other small poems, to the grate, as requested.

7. S.'s lines from the Fleet Prison do not in the end keep pace with their beginning, else we would publish them, for the benefit of all men who frequent gaming houses.

Fellows about Smithfield, who have just brains enough to arraign a typographical error, ought to try their learning upon the hurried correction of a periodical sheet for the press!

87a—and the rest of the long letters, is illegible from the water.

The Irish Ball collection among our Varieties last week, is we are told, old, both in prose and verse.

Great polematics do not move without mighty preparations. It is announced to us, that the Editor of a Sunday Paper has intimated his appalling determination to attack the *L. G.* for its sportive use of the phrase "in perenne" in the dramatic criticism of last week. We wish him all the success he deserves, and if he will not permit us to use the words as intimating a strong military position, he may even use them himself in their original acceptance of the phrase.

In supplying the key to the Hieroglyphics last week, we should perhaps have noticed that the *X* and *W* were transposed agreeably to the original of the French Academy, and not through inattention.

\* \* The exertion we have used to give our readers as early and as copious a taste of Lord Byron's new work as possible, has caused the postponement of several articles, and the retrenchment of Advertisements. With regard to the latter, we request the commentators to be early in the week if they wish for speedy insertion, as we are resolved to adhere to the order of priority.

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Il rompt enfin le silence, il le rompt d'une manière solennelle : c'est du fond de sa tombe qu'il fait un appel au jugement de la postérité.

Lors de son abdication à Fontainebleau, il avait dit aux vœux de ses vœux phalanges : "J'écrirai les grandes choses que nous avons faites ensemble." Mais la peine arrive à l'île d'Elbe, un grand projet vient tourmenter sa tête ardente—il méditait le 20 Mars !

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